THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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BUBBLES.

BY JACK MANN.

A bubble rises on the stream—
Floats onward with the tide;
So proud and buoyant does it seem,
No ill can e'er betide;
But, ah! as swift as moments pass
Its transient beauty flies!
A thing of beauty will not last—
The sweetest pleasure dies.

So thawless hope springs up as soon,
And dances on its way,
And tells us, ere another noon
Will reach a perfect day.
But, ah! it was too bright to last—
It could not stem the tide;
Its perfect day, its vision past,
And hope itself has died.

I will not grieve, although my dream
Be what I ne'er may see;
My eye of faith can make it seem
As though it yet might be.
"A little while!" Ah, yes, I know,
It may be lost from view;
Then, when I must, I'll let it go,
But not till then—would you?

THE EBONY CASKET;

—OR—

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILTON ESTATE;" "A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;" "BAFFLED;" "THE WHITE SPECTRE;" "THE WRONGED HEIRESS;" ETC., ETC., ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 46. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

BERNICE PAUSED, WITH ONE HAND ON HER HEART AND HER EYE DILATED, AND AT THE SAME TIME DORA RAYMOND CAME SWIFTLY TOWARDS HER.

CHAPTER IX.

FLIGHT.

When the strange man, who had dropped as if from the clouds to Bernice's rescue, reached the threshold of the door, after having laid Bill unconscious at his feet, he encountered only a woman's figure.

It was Meg, who had followed her son up the stairs, in order to steal the precious ebony casket from her poor drugged prisoner, as she had been bidden to do by Captain Marthe.

But the twain had met with a very different reception from the one they had counted upon.

A shrill shriek of rage and fury fell from Meg's lips at the sight of her worthy son, lying stark and stiff before her. With the cry of a panther deprived of her young, she sprung furiously upon the unknown.

"You've killed him!" she screamed; "You've killed my boy!" and a volley of the most fearful curses fell from her lips, as she tore wildly at the man's throat and unprotected face, as if bent upon scratching his eyes out.

After a futile struggle or two, he caught her flying hands, and held them fast. But she writhed viciously in his grasp, and tried to bite and tear his flesh with the few tusk-like teeth that ornamented her jaws.

"So that's your game, is it?" he muttered. "We must contrive to put a stop to it."

He struck her a heavy blow upon the temple that made her stagger. While she was still reeling dizzily from the effect of it, it was but a moment's work to tear the stout handkerchief from her neck, and with it bind her hands securely behind her back. Her feet were also secured, and then the unknown pushed her into the nearest corner.

"Lie there, you woman-fiend, until I see who is to be my next adversary."

He stationed himself by the open doorway, waiting and listening. No sound came up from below. A strange, horrible silence reigned. Captain Marthe was evidently not there. The house was deserted of all save the four strangely-contrasted persons in that room.

Convinced of this, presently, he once again approached the drooping figure by the couch. Bernice still lay there, so like a dead woman that he shuddered and recoiled as he bent over her.

"If she was drugged, the narcotic must have been very powerful," he thought.

Meg's scattered senses were rapidly returning. She was swearing horribly again, and struggling to break her bonds. Sometimes she would desist for a moment to glance at her son, and then great tears would run down her wrinkled cheeks.

Callous and hardened as this wicked creature had shown herself, there was still a tender spot in her heart—the love she bore her son.

Few creatures are so vile they contain no germ of latent good.

Badly as he had been treated in that house, the unknown (as we must still call him) could not help pitying the desolate old woman. He leaned over Bill, feeling his pulse and heart.

The faint fluttering of returning life could be discerned.

"Your son is not dead," he said, gently, addressing Meg. "It would be better for the community if he were, perhaps; but I am not his judge. He will soon be as conscious as yourself. The blow I dealt only stunned him, so far as I can now discover."

Meg grumbled some inaudible words, but an expression of relief showed itself in her yellow, wrinkled face.

For some time perfect silence reigned in the apartment. The unknown had seated himself near Bernice, and seemed lost in perplexed thought.

He was probably wondering what he could do with the poor unconscious girl. It was dangerous to remain there, as Captain Marthe, or other friends of the amiable twain, who occupied the house, might come at any moment. And yet Bernice could not be removed until she had in some degree recovered from the effects of the drug Meg had administered.

Presently he raised her with some difficulty in his arms, and bore her to the open window, where the cool night air fanned her brow. Water was the only restorative at hand, and this he used plentifully, as there was an abundant supply in the earth-ware pitcher on the wash-stand.

Bill soon began to kick and throw himself about so violently that the unknown was compelled to desist from his efforts to restore animation to Bernice's rigid frame long enough to pinion the troublesome fellow, very much as he had secured Meg, a short time previously.

The villain was furious when he realized the true state of affairs. With curses loud and deep, he lay foaming on his back, his wicked eyes watching steadfastly every movement made by the man who had been so recently his prisoner.

"Save your breath," said the unknown, calmly, at last. "It will do you no good to revile me. My hour of triumph has come."

"Yes," returned Bill, between his teeth; "but for these cursed bonds it would be of short duration, however."

"I shall be far enough from here before you have the power to harm me."

"You will never get beyond my reach," he said. "I'll hunt you down again if it takes half a life-time to do it. Then we'll have a reckoning."

"If the reckoning were to come to-night," the unknown returned, with a calm smile, "I should pound you to a jelly with this bit of iron; but I refrain. You are sure to receive your just deserts some time, without my help. I prefer not to sully my hands with such as you."

Bill's answer was a bitter curse.

The unknown turned his back on him contemptuously, and resumed his labors with Bernice. After more than an hour's anxious suspense, his efforts were crowned with success. A soft color began to waver in the girl's pallid cheek, and her bosom rose and fell more rapidly.

"So like—so marvellously like!" muttered the man, desisting a moment to stare at her in half-incredulous amaze.

Bernice's heavy eyelids at last trembled, and were gently raised; her eyes fixed themselves wildly but inquiringly upon the face of her new-found friend.

"Leave me!" she moaned, unable at first to recognize him. "Go! Do you want the ebony casket? I will die sooner than give it up to you. You have my answer."

Why did the gentle-faced man, leaning over her, recoil at her words, as from a blow?

"The ebony casket!" he muttered. Then a strange light irradiated his whole countenance. "Another proof of her identity. Ah, heaven grant that the casket is indeed in her possession!"

Aloud, he said softly:—

"Hush! you have nothing to fear. Tell me if you are better?"

She took his hand, pressed it gratefully, and whispered:

"Much better. Ah, I remember all now. You are my friend."

"Yes; your friend."

"Thank God. I was almost in despair. I should have gone mad in a little while."

She moaned, raised her hand to her head, and asked for water. Her eyes were bloodshot and heavy.

"Try to call up all your strength," he whispered, while she was drinking. "You will need it. We must quit this house at once."

"Quit this house? Can we? Is the way open?"

Then her gaze fell upon the two bound, struggling figures near the opposite wall. She started, and stared wildly.

"The casket!" she cried again. "Have these wretches stolen it from me?"

She laid one hand against her heart, and a glad smile rippled over her face.

"Safe, safe!" she whispered. "Heaven be praised; it is where I hid it."

She was not fully herself, as yet. Her new-found friend, seeing this, made another effort to rouse her.

"Drink," he said, again placing water to her lips. "Now you must get up and come with me. All is lost if you linger here. Come, if you would flee forever from the power of your enemies."

She gave him a searching glance, and her brown eyes lighted up wonderfully.

"I am ready," she said, in an eager voice. "I will go with you this instant."

"Are you strong?"

"Quite strong, sir. Strong enough, at any rate, to leave this place."

"Then come with me."

She took his hand, clinging to it helplessly. Her limbs were not quite steady, at first; they almost refused to perform their office. She trembled all over as they passed the spot where Meg and Bill were lying. Vile oaths and curses were hissed after them by mother and son.

"Make haste," said Bernice, shivering. "Take me away from this as quickly as possible."

They crept down the dark stairway, hand in hand. The hall-door stood ajar. In another moment they were out under the pitying stars of heaven.

"God be praised!" faltered Bernice. "I feel better already. I am sure we shall get clear at last."

The cool night-air, perhaps—because the thought of freedom mingled with it—seemed to act upon her sensitive organization with tonic power. Her brain grew clearer, the strength came back to her trembling limbs.

"Which way?" said her companion, halting.

"Anywhere! anywhere! so that we get far away from this dreadful place."

They set out, hand in hand. The road was lonely and dark, only stars, those twinkling lamps of God—lighted their way, but they went on and on, with hope ever growing brighter in their hearts.

Scarcely a word was spoken. At last, after having journeyed many miles, they sat down to rest, for Bernice was tired and footsore. The dew clung heavy to her dress, and the morning air was blowing up fresh and chill, for the night had nearly worn away.

"You have never told me your name," said the man.

"Bernice Vance."

"And mine is—Saul. Yes," with a little hesitating pause: "you may call me Saul."

"Have you no other name?"

"No other? Surely, that is enough. At least it is enough for me."

Then a long silence followed, and while it lasted Saul, as he had denominated himself, seemed buried in the most profound thought.

"Have you a father or mother?" he asked, suddenly, trying to pierce the gloom with his strange eyes.

"Neither," answered Bernice, sadly.

"You are sure?" a quiver of intense excitement in his voice.

"Quite sure. I am a waif—a stray. I never knew father or mother. But I have been told that they are dead."

"You believe the story?"

"Why should I doubt it? I never had any proof of their existence."

"There is some mystery enshrouding your birth?"

"Yes," she answered, frankly. "I have no right even to the name I bear. But I chose it for want of a better."

"Have you no friends?"

"None I can trust. None who are willing to help me."

"Poor child! I think I can help you."

"You?" with an inflection of surprise.

"Yes."

"Tell me, how? I do not understand. Do you know aught of my history?"

"Perhaps," he returned, evasively. "I do not wish to build up false hopes. Therefore, I shall not tell you what I fully believe until there is ample proof to substantiate my words."

She would have pleaded with him, but some nameless feeling caused her to desist.

"I heard you speak of an Ebony Casket," Saul said, as they rose to move onward.

"Yes. I have it hidden here, next my heart."

"Who gave it to you?"

"A woman who claimed to have been my nurse. She exacted a promise that I would not open it until I became of age. I think it contains proofs of my birth and parentage."

"Of course you are very anxious to find out its contents?"

"I would give a year out of my life to know the truth," she answered, in a low, intense tone.

Not another word was spoken. The subject was dropped as abruptly as it had been taken up, though each would have liked very much to have lifted the veil of mystery in which the other was enshrouded.

They hurried on. At last the gray of dawn brightened and deepened into the perfected glory of sunrise. Still they held their weary way, worn, tired, bedraggled. They scarcely dared stop or rest.

At last the distant hum of machinery reached their ears, and the belching smoke of the factories was right before their eyes—a pyramid of ever-lightening gloom.

An hysterical cry escaped Bernice's lips.

"Millbrook! Safe! safe! O, God be praised! Nobody will dare molest us here!" and some very child-like tears dropped over her face, but they were tears of joy.

CHAPTER X.

BACK TO MILLBROOK.

Bernice now led the way. She felt a natural reluctance to traverse the village streets under the circumstances—a magnet for the regards of the curious.

Therefore she struck across a field of rank, lush clover, and from thence passed into a fresh-green enclosure that proved to be a gentleman's private grounds.

Saul followed her unresistingly. His manner had lost the nervous trepidation that had characterized it in the first place. There was a strange glow upon his cheeks, a strange light in his eyes. He sniffed the air, every now and then, as if the free winds of heaven had a tonic power in which his whole soul exulted.

And well they might, for it had been long enough since he had breathed them freely.

Bernice's feet presently struck into a grass-grown path, which she followed slowly and with difficulty. She glanced somewhat anxiously around. The conviction was growing upon her mind that it was Lasalle's grounds into which she had penetrated.

A hot blush suffused her cheeks at the thought. She recalled their last meeting, and the burning words he had whispered in her ear. Assuredly it would be scarcely pleasant to meet him again here and now. He might be led to think she was coming to him for protection.

What were her plans? Alas! she had none. The future seemed one great sea of trial and uncertainty, where every hope might go to shipwreck.

The path broadened, and there was no longer grass in it. It looked as if worn by constant travel. Suddenly a foot crashed on the gravel, just ahead. Bernice paused, with one hand on her heart, and her brown eyes dilating.

At the same instant Dora Raymond turned an abrupt bend in the path, and came swiftly towards her.

Dora looked a ghost. No marble could have been whiter than her face. An awful dread, an unconquerable terror had set its seal on her burning eyes and bloodless lips, and in her drawn, pallid features. A dead woman could not have looked more rigid.

She advanced rapidly, with the air of a person meeting some terrible crisis. One would almost have sworn she expected to see Bernice then and there, so stern and cold was the expression of her face.

She paused, and held out her hand.—Some sharp sentence trembled on her lips, perhaps, but she checked herself, and kept her voice even and firm by a powerful effort.

"O, Bernice!" she cried, and fell on the girl's neck, kissing her rapturously. "Is it possible? We had almost given you up for lost."

Bernice drew back a little. Dora had never shown herself particularly friendly. Of course this warm greeting puzzled her. It puzzled Saul, too, when he saw how deathly white was Dora's face.

"What does it all mean?" he thought. "Is this pretty woman playing a part?"

But, unfortunately, he did not know Dora. Nevertheless, she was his bitterest, most relentless enemy, though they had never exchanged a word in all their lives. But he little guessed that such was the case, though he might have guessed it had he known exactly who and what she was.

"Are you glad to see me?" said Bernice, gazing wonderingly into Dora's face.

"Glad?" echoed the hypocrite, kissing her over and over again. "I am overjoyed. It is such a relief to see you here, safe and sound. I have been frightened nearly to death about you."

"It is strange," faltered Bernice.

Dora gave her a swift glance, and said:

"I'm sure I have reason to rejoice. Do tell where you have been all these weary days and nights?"

"A prisoner in a house below, by the river."

"A prisoner?" echoed Dora, lifting her hands in well-simulated amazement. "You are jesting? It can't be true? No one would dare to shut you up against your will."

Bernice dropped her eyes, and answered: "It was Captain Marthe."

"Captain Marthe? The villain! What did he mean by such infamous conduct?"

The girl's lids swept her burning cheeks, and very softly she said:

"He pretended to love me. Perhaps he thought to win me in that way. But it was a mistaken move on his part. I shall hate him—*hate* him eternally for what he has made me suffer."

Modesty gave way before her kindling spirit. She said these last words with a little stamp, and flashing eyes.

"Poor Bernice!" murmured Dora.—"How you must have suffered!"

"I owe it all to Captain Marthe."

"The wretch! He ought to be punished." Then, seeing the wild stare with which Bernice still regarded her, she added:

"Why do you look at me so? I am your friend. I have no other wish than to be your friend."

"I can trust you?"

"Of course," a purple flush mounting suddenly to her brow. "I want you to forget and forgive the past. You will?"

She had lowered her voice to the low, thrilling tones of supplication. She looked wretched, penitent. A sheen of tears was in her beautiful eyes.

"I promise to forget all that you really wish me to forget," said Bernice, her distrust almost conquered.

"Thank you. It is so good—so kind of you not to bear malice. I was rude to you in the mill, the day you disappeared so strangely. I have thought of it, and wept, scores of times, since you were gone. If I had an unkind thought of you then, it is now banished from my heart. From this time forward, I am only going to pity and love and admire you."

Bernice's lips were wreathed with a sweet though half-incredulous smile. Even yet she could not understand this sudden change in Dora. But she was too tender-hearted to reject her caresses.

"I have to beg your pardon for a great many unkindnesses that I cannot now put into words." Dora resumed, in a soft whisper. "But, all I ask is the opportunity to prove to you how sincerely I wish to atone for the past."

Then there was a brief silence. Bernice look up eagerly, at last.

"These grounds," she said. "Do they belong to Mr. Lasalle?"

"They do. You must come up to the house with me, and be his guest. I can assure you of a warm welcome."

"His guest!" echoed Bernice, aghast.

"Why not? Mr. Lasalle is a better friend to you than you know. He has been untiring in the search, since you were first missed. He has not rested night or day."

"It was not he who gave me liberty."

"No. But he would have found you, sooner or later. I suppose you owe your liberty to this gentleman?"

She turned as she spoke, fixing her penetrating gaze upon Saul's face. She even smiled in the sweetest winning way she knew so well how to assume, and held out her hand.

He took it, bowing low and secretly thinking what a very pretty girl she was, and wondering at himself for having felt even a momentary distrust.

"I owe everything to Mr. Saul," said Bernice, warmly. "He set me free. I can never be grateful enough for all he has done."

"Let me add my gratitude to yours," said Dora, her long lashes sweeping her cheeks, and thus hiding the strange glow in the orbs they curtained. "He must come up to the house with us. Mr. Lasalle will wish to see and thank him."

She began to glide up the path. Both Bernice and Saul followed, though in a dazed, bewildered away. The beautiful temptress had thrown a glamour over them from which they could not wholly escape. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to obey her.

But Bernice felt ill at ease. She did not like the idea of confronting Lasalle. Moreover, a vague repulsion—which was scarcely an active one—made her tremble every time Dora's bright eyes sought her own.

Presently she heard a strange crackling sound in the shrubbery close to the path. A muffled footfall reached her ears once or twice. She was sure she caught the shadowy glimpse of a man's stalwart figure flitting from one ornamental shrub to another.

"We are followed!" she cried, abruptly pausing.

Dora stopped, too, an indefinable expression darkening the pink-and-white prettiness of her face.

"Nonsense, Bernice. These are private grounds, remember. You will find no ambushed foe lying perdu here."

Saul came up closer to them, and said, with an air of grim conviction:

"We are not alone in the grounds; Miss Bernice may be right in her conjectures, after all."

"Bah!" muttered Dora. "It was the gardener you saw. To convince you that I am correct, I will summon him here."

She lifted a silver whistle to her lips, and blew a soft blast upon it. The bushes instantly parted, and a tall, lank, ungainly fellow came striding towards them.

"You see I make myself very much at home here," she said, in answer to Bernice's look of mute inquiry.

The new-comer paused before them, doffing his hat with an air of extreme humility. He was not a prepossessing fellow, by any means. He had a parchment-colored skin, rusty-red hair, and a pair of twinkling, greenish-grey eyes set deeply in his head.

Was it imagination, or did Bernice observe a quick glance of intelligence pass between him and Miss Raymond as he came up?

"Where is your Master, James?" asked Dora, with an air of well-simulated carelessness.

The man hesitated scarcely a moment, and then replied:

"Walking in the fir-plantation, Miss."

"You may take us to him."

"Yes, Miss."

He was turning to depart, but Dora stopped him.

"Stay." Then she looked steadfastly at Bernice. "My dear friend, perhaps you would sooner go up to my room with me? I

know you are tired. You have had no opportunity to make a decent toilet for days, perhaps. I doubt if you wish to show yourself to Mr. Lasalle in such a predicament?"

"I would rather not see him—indeed, indeed, I would rather not," cried Bernice, eagerly.

"Very well; you and I will return to the house. James shall pilot Mr. Saul down to the fir-plantation to see our host—you hear, James?"

"Yes, Miss," with a bow and a grim smile.

"Tell him that Mr. Saul is a particular friend of mine. He will need no other recommendation. Our good friend will be received with open arms."

Then she laughingly laid one of her jewelled hands upon Saul's.

"Go," she said; "and take care that you do not linger too long. An hour hence we shall expect to meet you in the drawing-room. Do not disappoint us."

She smiled upon him again in a manner that fairly turned the poor fellow's head; shook hands warmly, and then mutely signed for him to follow James.

But her eyes burned with a hateful, lurid light, that boded ill to somebody.

It was well, or rather ill for Saul, that he could not see them distinctly, or interpret their expression. In that case he would have been much less ready to have followed James into the deeper masses of the shrubbery, perhaps.

When the two men were lost to sight, Dora grasped Bernice's hand tightly in her own.

"Come," she said, in a voice that sounded strangely cold and harsh. "Let us go in."

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT BEFELL SAUL.

Saul walked on at the heels of the ungainly fellow Dora had denominated James, threading first one labyrinthine path and then another.

He observed, with a feeling of growing uneasiness, that each successive rod he passed over was taking him further and further from the house.

He glanced sharply at his companion once or twice. The man's face was not distinctly visible. He kept a pace or two in advance, perhaps on purpose to avoid too close scrutiny.

But his rusty-red hair, loping gait, and hang-dog air generally, were enough to inspire distrust.

"His looks are not in his favor," thought Saul. "I wonder if he is really a gardener? He has not the appearance of one."

Aloud, he said, presently:

"Have we much further to go?"

"A little way; only a little way," answered James, obsequiously, though he still did not turn his head.

"I am tired; I have traveled far since I have rested."

"Mr. Lasalle will make you very welcome, sir. We have only to go down that path yonder; turn short to the right, and we are with him."

"Lead on, then," for they had paused, almost involuntarily, while speaking.

"Master will give you the best room in the house when he learns you are Miss Dora's friend."

Saul started abruptly; a sudden purple flushed his face.

"*Whose* friend?" he questioned.

This was the first time he had heard the beautiful temptress called by any name.

"Miss Dora's, sir," and now the man wheeled half-way round, and favored Saul with a long, bewildered stare.

The latter did not bear it very well. The purple flush died out of his face, and it blanched to ghastly whiteness. He put out one shaking hand, and laid it upon his companion's arm.

"Dora?" he echoed; "what other name has she?"

James hesitated manifestly at a loss what to say or do. He blurted out the truth:

"Raymond, sir; Dora Raymond."

Saul did not cry out; but he stood breathless—fixed as a stone, staring wildly at the so-called gardener.

"Dora Raymond," he murmured, like one talking in a dream. "One of the Raymonds of Shrublands?"

James stammered, and stuttered, and finally made answer:

"N—no! I reckon Miss Dora didn't come from no such place as Shrublands. Least ways, I never heard of it."

A sort of shiver ran over Saul's frame. He rallied from the momentary bewilderment into which he had been thrown. He saw James glance swiftly up and down the path, with a shrewd eye, that seemed to be calculating chances.

Long acquaintance with danger had made him cautious to an unusual degree. He swung half round, with his eyes kindling.

"You have lied to me," he said, deliberately, stopping short.

The man changed color.

"No; I swear I have not, sir. Come on, sir. You shall talk with master. He can tell you all about Miss Dora. Perhaps you are right; but I don't say you are, mind."

Saul did not stir. He stood balanced upon his toes, undecided which way to turn.

"You are deceiving me," he cried, suddenly, the conviction growing so strong he could no longer hope to resist it. "I don't believe Mr. Lasalle is in these grounds at all."

James wheeled fiercely upon him at that, a devilish glitter in his greenish-gray eyes.

"He is; I swear. Come on."

"I shall not; you can bring him here if you choose."

They were now very near the fir-plantation. Saul could distinctly hear the wind sighing and sobbing among the branches of the trees. The sound fell upon his ears almost like a dirge. It seemed to presage ill to him.

James stood silent a moment, after the abrupt refusal to go on. His saturnine features worked convulsively; his flashing eyes seemed almost to send forth sparks of fire.

Suddenly he blew a shrill whistle; then turned upon Saul with the face of a baffled fiend.

"Betrayed!" cried the hapless man, in a voice of utter despair, for he could not fail to interpret such a look as that.

He turned to fly. James pounced upon him with the fury of a tiger.

"Take that!" he exclaimed, dealing Saul a stunning blow with his clenched fist. "You've given us trouble enough," with a fearful oath. "I'm tempted to put it out of your power ever to trouble us again."

Saul reeled, moaned, and clasped both hands over his temples, blinded, bewildered.

At the same instant footsteps came dashing up to them from the direction of the plantation. Were they coming to his rescue? He had just sense enough left to lift his head and stare wildly around.

What he saw was Bill bending over him with a sneering, malignant face, and Captain Marthe, whom he had seen several times before, a little way in the background.

The truth flashed like lightning upon his mind. He had fallen into a trap! Captain Marthe going to the house by the river—perhaps to secure the ebony cutter—had found Bill and Meg bound, and had released them.

Then he and Bill must have taken another road, and come straight to Millbrook, where they had planned the ambush with Dora.

"Poor Bernice!" he moaned, in an agony of fear and despair. "God help her! She has fallen into a den of wolves."

And then, moved by her peril, rather than his own, he breathed a long, long sigh, and fell fainting in the grass-grown path, at the feet of his deadly foes.

(To be continued in our next.)

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

Every coin of earthly treasure
We have lavished, upon earth,
For our simple worldly pleasure,
May be reckoned something worth;
For the spending was not losing,
Though the purchase were but small;
It has perished with the using:
We have lost it—that is all!

All the gold we leave behind us
When we turn to dust again,
(Though our avarice may blind us,)
We have gathered quite in vain:
Since we neither can direct it,
By the winds of fortune tossed,
Nor in other worlds expect it:
What we hoarded—we have lost.

But each merciful oblation—
(Seed of pity wisely sown,)
What we gave in self-negation,
We may safely call our own:
Thus of treasure, freely given,
For the future we may hoard,
For the angels keep, in Heaven,
What is lent unto the Lord.

DISENCHANTED.

BY SOPHY SHARP.

An autumn sunset blazed about the Beechwood hills, and tinged the rustling oak-boughs with a ruddier glow, as Philip Vane rode down the long avenue that led from his old country seat out to the village high-road. Standing in the portico, his mother, a fair, gentle-faced woman, robed in widow's weeds, looked after him with an expression of anxious solicitude.

"Are you sure, my dear boy, quite sure that you have chosen wisely?" she said to him as they parted.

"Why, mother, do you ask?" had been his reply. "Rose is all you could desire her to be. She is refined, accomplished, and very beautiful."

"I hope my boy will not be disappointed," murmured the mother, as he rode off. "Yet people who ought to know, say that Rose is both a flirt and passionate. Ah, me!"

Meanwhile, Philip cantered quietly away. But, after awhile, he dropped the reins on his horse's neck, and took a dainty little casket from his waistcoat pocket. It contained an exquisite ring, richly set with pearls and amethyst. It was his engagement-ring; as he turned it over in his fingers, and held it up in the autumn sunset, his handsome eyes grew tender and humid, and his bearded lip trembled like a woman's.

Philip Vane's love-story was very brief. He was one of those men who are not easily captivated, and so he had remained heart-whole until the preceding spring. About the first of May he attended an agricultural show in an adjoining county, and at a ball there had met Rose Denham, the prettiest girl in Talbot, and he lost his heart.

Rose Denham was the first woman he had ever loved—and he loved her very blindly, bewildered and bewitched as he was by the rare and exquisite beauty of her face; and in less than a month after their first meeting they were affianced lovers.

The red fires of sunset had faded, and the stars were out in thousands in the misty autumn skies, when Philip reached the little country house in which the Denhams lived. There were lights in the windows, and the sound of a piano, accompanied by a sweet girlish voice, reached his ears. Rose was singing, he said, with a fond smile; and fastening his horse, he passed along the gravel walk that led to the door. There he paused an instant, listening to the thrilling voice with all a lover's ardent admiration, and fancying childishly to himself, how pleased and startled Rose would be if she knew he was there; and then and there a silly whim possessed him to give her a little surprise.

Accordingly, he stole round to the drawing-room window. It was open, for the autumn night was balmy, and he had a full view of the apartment. Rose was at the piano, in her becoming evening-dress of sky-blue, with her hair falling in golden showers over her white shoulders. But she was not alone. Hanging over her, and toying with her ringlets, as he turned the music, was a young man of an exceedingly foppish appearance; and Rose did not seem in the least annoyed by his excessive familiarity, for while she sung, she would toss her beautiful head, and glance up into his admiring face with an air of witching coquetry.

Philip Vane, with this picture before his eyes, stood for a moment like one bewildered, then suddenly recollecting himself, he retraced his steps, and rang the bell at the front entrance, in a very grave and formal manner.

Rose received him with a shy, sweet surprise that was irresistible; and the charm of her rare beauty, and her girlish vivacity soon banished his jealous doubts—and he was as much enthralled and enraptured as ever. The foppish individual having vanished, Philip Vane had his charmer all to himself, and they wandered out into the autumn moonlight, and under the shadow of the elm-trees. And Philip took the pearl and amethyst engagement-ring from the little casket, and put it upon her finger, entreating, as he did so, that the engagement should be very brief. Beautiful Rose listened, and examined the sparkling circlet with a critical eye.

"Very well," she replied, after a moment, her voice cool and silvery; "I have no objection to make. It will not require a great while to complete my arrangements, and mamma disapproves of long engagements."

"So do I!" exclaimed Philip, heartily. "You will make it a month, darling—no longer; I want you at home before Christmas."

Rose shrugged her white shoulders, and gave a little shivering sigh.

"How I do wish," she said, "that you would live in town, Philip, for the winter at least. It must be dreadfully stupid at Beechwood."

"Why, no, dear," cried the young man, in amazement. "Stupid at Beechwood! Not a bit of it. We are within a nice distance of the city, you know, and we have every comfort and amusement at home."

Rose looked dissatisfied still, but she said no more on the subject, resolving to wait for a better opportunity.

"The girls are coming to see my engagement-ring," she continued, after a momentary pause, twirling the little circlet over in the moonlight. "I told them it would be something magnificent—and it is; but I do wish you had chosen a diamond solitaire, it would have been so much more elegant and stylish."

Her lover's brow clouded.

"I am sorry, dear," he said, gravely. "I fancied this one would please you; but you shall have the solitaire."

"Oh, you are so kind! and I am naughty to trouble you so much."

She held up her rich lips, and he kissed her in silence, and they returned to the cottage; and a little later he was in his saddle again, and on his way back to Beechwood. But an indefinable something weighed down his spirits—a kind of restless dissatisfaction that he could neither banish nor comprehend.

The moment his mother met him on the following morning, she knew how matters stood. She could read her son's heart like an open book.

"'Tis just as I feared," she sighed. "My poor boy will be disappointed."

But she uttered not a word.

A week later, Philip Vane was called to town on business, and he embraced that opportunity to purchase the diamond ring. He selected a very magnificent one, at an extravagant cost.

Then, instead of returning to Beechwood, he took the train to Talbot, and walked across to the Denham residence. It was just about noon when he reached there; and the autumn day was very lovely, with mellow sunlight, and a hazy splendor on the circling hills.

He would have a long walk with Rose, he thought, his heart swelling with delight as he neared the house. Dear little Rose, he loved her more and more every moment he lived, no matter if she was rather vain and childish.

He found the front door open, and a little housemaid scrubbing the steps. She ushered him in, and he entered the small drawing-room and sat down. As he did so, the sound of voices, in loud and angry discussion, reached his ears. Just behind the dining-room was a little parlor, which Mrs. Denham and Rose were in the habit of making their morning sitting-room, and it was from this that the sounds proceeded.

Philip listened in alarm at first, thinking some one was ill, or that something had happened.

"Now, Rose, my dear, do be reasonable," entreated the tremulous voice of Mrs. Denham. "We are willing to do all we can for you; but you know how your father stands. The very roof over our heads is mortgaged already, and pray how can we raise money to buy such extravagant things?"

"I don't know, nor do I care," cried Rose, with angry vehemence. "Let papa borrow it. I tell you I *will* have a splendid outfit."

"My dear, you will have three nice silks, and a good many other dresses; and you won't need so many changes at Beechwood," interposed the mother.

"What's the reason I won't?" almost screamed Rose. "Do you think I'm going to be shut up at Beechwood all this winter? I'll show you, and I'll show Philip Vane, too, I'm going to have a gay season, if I live; and I want the right kind of an outfit—and I mean to have it. So there's no use talking; you know I always have my way."

Then there came the sound of grieved sobbing; and a child's voice, the voice of Rose's little sister, Alice, cried out, "See, Rosie, you have made poor mamma cry. How can you be so naughty?"

"Hush, this minute, you meddlesome little thing! Who asked you to put in your say? I don't see what you're here for either, gaping at every word that's said, and pulling what few things I've got to pieces. Come, take yourself off to the nursery at once!"

Philip Vane heard the sound of a sharp blow, and the next moment little Alice ran out, crying ready to break her heart. He had risen to his feet in utter amazement; and, passing the dining-room door, the child saw him. She stared a moment, and then cried out, in wicked delight:

"Ahn, Miss Rose! here's Mr. Vane in the dining-room, and he's heard how naughty you've been—haven't you, Mr. Vane?"

Not believing the child, Rose hurried to the dining-room door, and there she stood transfixed. Her beautiful, golden hair was all in a tangle, and she wore an untidy, old wrapper, both soiled and torn, and her fair face was flushed and distorted with passion. Philip Vane, standing grave and stern in the middle of the dining-room, regarded her for several moments in silence, and with an agony at his heart that seemed like death itself. Then he advanced, and extended his hand.

"Good-bye, Rose!" he said, sadly. "No words that I can speak could express what I feel. I loved you as my own life; but I am disenchanted. I am glad this has happened now; it is better than hereafter. Yet I don't think I can ever forgive you."

And before the terror-stricken girl could utter a single word, he was gone.

"Oh, me! Oh, me!" she wailed, wringing her hands. "It is all over! I have lost him! I have lost him!"

"And no wonder," replied her mother, sternly. "God wouldn't suffer it—He's too just."

Over the crisp meadows, and under the shadow of the purple hills, Philip Vane walked back to Beechwood, shaken like a very reed, strong man that he was, with the bitterness of his disappointment.

"Mother," he said, when she met him at the doorway, "it is all over! You were right!"

"And all for the best, my son," she replied, as she kissed him, "though you cannot think so now."

And years after, when Philip Vane sat upon the lawn, with the true and tender woman who had become his wife, and the woman who had become the mother of the children that played beneath the rustling oak-boughs, looking back at those early days, he was forced to acknowledge that his mother's wisdom was far superior to his own.

Rose Denham is still unmarried, and has lost all her beauty. She is soured and discontented, and will always be so. But whom has she to blame but herself?

IT is a good thing to believe; it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upward, our minds will themselves grow upward; and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire. Here, as in everything else, humility is the surest path to exaltation.

WOMEN are too apt to think that certain vices in a young man, like moles upon a fair skin, are beauty-spots.

AMIDST THE BREAKERS.

BY AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN.

I never was in better spirits than on the morning when I left Shanghae. I was then captain of the good ship Morning Glory, bound from that port to London, with a cargo of tea. The vessel was a fine clipper, well found, and in good trim; so I never felt more confident of making a rapid passage than on the day we cast anchor off the tug at Woosung and ran past Saddle Island, with a fresh eight-knot breeze down the China Sea. I had only two passengers with me—Mrs. Clifford, the wife of an English merchant at Ningpo, and her daughter, a little sunny-haired child, who soon became a great favorite with all on board. All went well until we were off Turnabout, when the wind fell light, and for several days we made but little progress.

When I came up on deck one morning, I was surprised to find the royals and top-gallant-sails stowed, though it was a dead calm, and the crew busily employed reeving preventer-braces and doubly-securing everything movable.

"What's the matter, Jackson?" I inquired, as the chief officer came towards me.

"I think it's going to blow hard, captain; the mercury's all of a quiver in the barometer—the birds fly high and are making for land. I've seen those signs before in these seas, and know a typhoon's coming on pretty shortly," he replied.

I commended his forethought, and, urging him to get everything snug as quickly as possible, went below to ascertain, as accurately as I could, the vessel's position.

Clouds gradually gathered overhead, and at eight bells in the afternoon the first instalment of wind came, in short fitful gusts, from nearly opposite points of the compass. Presently the clouds opened, and a torrent of rain poured down, while the wind increased in violence till it blew a heavy gale.

The hatches were tightly battened down, all sails furled except the three close-reefed topsails and fore-course; and I put her right before the wind, to endeavor to run out of the circle of the storm. Night came on, and then the full fury of the tempest burst upon us. To see was impossible, for the rain drove horizontally along, cutting to our very skins—to hear, still more so, for the howling of the warring elements deafened us completely.

Groaning and quivering, the good ship bore bravely on, now rising high on the crest of a mountainous billow, anon plunging deep into an abyss of darkness, from which she again emerged foaming and snorting like a mettlesome steed. The crew, drenched to the skin, were crouching under the lee of the weather-bulwarks; and I was firmly lashed to the mizzen-rigging, under shelter of a tarpaulin.

Still the hurricane raged with increasing violence. I could not close-haul the vessel for want of sea-room on the starboard hand; and I knew we should get into the inner circle of the typhoon—the point most to be dreaded—if we lay-to on the off-shore tack. The top-sails blew out of the bolt-ropes with a roar like thunder; the fore-brace parted, and the yard came crashing down on deck. One huge wave broke over the stern, while another struck the vessel full on the broad-side, flinging her on her beam-ends in the trough of the sea, where she lay moaning like a vanquished giant.

"Cut away the mizzen-mast," I roared through my speaking-trumpet.

Jackson, than whom a better sailor never trod a plank, obeyed my order promptly; one stroke of his axe severed a shroud lanyard of the mizzen-rigging, and the lower mast, snapping short off below the top, fell into the boiling ocean to leeward. Still the vessel lay over on her side, the sea making a complete breach over her.

"Mainmast, now!" I shouted, and soon that mast went close by the deck, carrying with it the fore-topmast—and, alas! Jackson and ten brave fellows, who had become enmeshed in the tangled cordage that swept the deck.

The vessel righted on her keel; and the remainder of the crew and myself used every effort to save our hapless companions, but without avail, and they sank to rise no more.

I was now in momentary expectation of the vessel foundering, for the helm was useless; huge waves, mountain high, were breaking over her, and the spars to leeward were dashing like battering-rams against her side, threatening to stave her in. But all was not yet lost; there came a lull, followed by another whistling blast, then a lull again, and the rain ceased. This betokened that the fury of the storm was spent, that the centre had passed, and that ere long all would be over.

At last the welcome dawn arrived. So, bidding the second mate set at once about clearing the *debris*, I descended to the cabin for the purpose of visiting Mrs. Clifford, who I knew must need consolation. I found the courageous woman seated in a corner where she had wedged herself, calmly reading the form of prayer "to be used at sea," while her child lay peacefully slumbering in her lap.

As I entered, she rose and took both my hands.

"Captain Downes, you good, brave man, tell me truly, is there any hope? I can bear to hear the worst, though the thought of my poor little Edith unnerves me," she said, gently.

"The weather is moderating, madam; we are in the hands of Providence, but His mercy may be extended to us; the greatest danger is now past, so bear up and have every hope," I replied.

I was peering over a chart in my cabin, when the second mate called hurriedly to me to come on deck.

"Breakers to leeward, sir!" he cried, excitedly, as I emerged from the hatchway.

I looked in the direction he indicated, and saw a long line of foam stretching out on our lee, while the roar of beating surges fell distinctly on my ear. The sea was still running high, though the wind had died entirely away; and I soon perceived that the current was bearing us swiftly towards land. Nearer still we drifted; and then I recognized our position. The most dangerous rocks in the China Sea, a group known as the Pratas, were to leeward; and we were utterly unable to navigate our disabled vessel, or to ward off the fate that seemed pending over us. The crew showed indomitable courage, exhibiting the greatest alacrity; and striving hard, by promptly obeying my orders, to work the vessel off shore; but we lagged steadily to leeward, and I saw that all chance of saving the vessel was gone for ever.

"Get the life-boat ready, my lads; quick, for your lives! Don't forget provisions, Mr. Cooper," I said, as I hurried below.

Mrs. Clifford met me at the foot of the stairs, and read the new trouble in my face.

"You must come in the boat. Give me Edith. Keep calm, I beg!" I exclaimed, plucking a quilt from a bed, and wrapping it round her, while I took the child in my arms.

"I will, I will! But, oh, preserve my child!" she cried; then she mounted with firm step to the deck.

We were very near to the rocks now—terribly near—and I saw Mrs. Clifford's cheek blanch as her quick eye took in the danger at a glance; but I placed her safely in the boat with Edith. The crew took their places orderly; Cooper and I lowered them to the water, the tackles were unhooked, and the boat floated clear of the vessel's side. Then I leaped overboard, the second mate followed, the crew picked us up, and we were soon using our every endeavor to weather the shoal whereon the Morning Glory shortly struck and went utterly to pieces.

The life-boat had been terribly strained by the waves which broke over, when on the vessel's deck; and the water gurgled in at many a yawning seam, so that half the crew were constantly employed baling her out. The sea, still running high, shook her much, and I began to fear that she would not float long, as we had rather more than her complement in her; therefore I consulted Cooper as to whether it would not be better to pull to leeward of the Pratas, and endeavor to land on the island in the rear. He agreed with me; so we put that stunning execution, and beforenight fall ran the boat between two rocks into still water, and, though not without much difficulty, succeeded in effecting a landing.

We fashioned a tent out of the boat-sail for Mrs. Clifford's accommodation, and kept a regular look-out for vessels in the hope of being rescued. There was plenty of fresh water in the deep pools and fissures of the rocks, but our scant stock of provisions soon disappeared; and then we had to use *bêche-de-mer*—an edible zoophite—shell fish, and gulls' eggs, which abounded on the little island, for food.

A fortnight had passed away, and still no friendly sail greeted our sight. The unusual diet and exposure to the weather—which was extremely hot—told upon us; and in our wan faces and attenuated forms the happy crew of the Morning Glory could scarcely have been recognized. Then four of our number volunteered to take the boat, which we had been unable to repair for want of materials, and endeavor to reach Hong Kong, from whence assistance could be sent us. Full of hope, they started on their mission, one beautiful morning, bearing with them our heartfelt prayers for their success; but, alas! they never reached land, the boat was found bottom-up by a steamer, and that was how the report of our total loss got circulated.

We remained on the Pratas six weeks, at the end of which time a trading-junk, noticing our signals, sent a sampan off, took us on board, and carried us to Tae-wan, on the island of Formosa, where we received much kind attention from the British consul, who forwarded us to Hong Kong.

THE PASSING CLOUD.

BY LOUIE BROWN.

"Do you want me to get anything for you in town?"

Andrew Thurston spoke very calmly, and a chance visitor might have thought that he spoke kindly. He certainly spoke deferentially; but his lips were compressed, and there were lines upon his brow which were not usual. Ordinarily he would have said, as he drew on his glove, "Now, my love, what can I get for you in town?" and he would have spoken gaily and frankly, with sprightliness and sparkle.

For they had been married not a year yet, and only the day before Andrew had declared that they would never outlive their honey-moon. "Dollie," he had said with a kiss, "when we cease to love, we shall have ceased to live; for life could be nothing without love."

But now a cloud had come—very small at first—not bigger than a man's hand—but yet a cloud. Dollie had never complained of fatigue or weariness; and yet she was far from robust. On this particular morning she had risen with an aching head; but she did not tell of it. She did not smile as was her wont, and her husband asked her what was the matter. His question seemed to imply that her manner had fretted him—there was almost an accusation in it—and she replied, rather shortly, "Nothing."

"But there must be something. What is it?"

This, to the wife, rendered over-susceptible by her headache, seemed a disputing of her word: and she answered, "I tell you—nothing."

"But, Dollie, you wouldn't act so if there was nothing the matter."

"Act how?" demanded the wife, flushing under this direct charge. "What have I done?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he said, drawing back. "If you don't choose to confide in me, all right."

The wife's eyes flashed now, and she spoke quickly—spoke so quickly, and so feelingly, that the husband was, in turn, offended; and, with a hasty word upon his lips, he went away to his chamber, and made ready for the City, which was distant but a few miles from his suburban residence.

When Andrew Thurston returned to the sitting-room, with his hat in his hand, he asked the question we have already heard: "Do you want me to get anything for you in town?"

How cold his voice sounded to the wife who sat, with bowed and aching head, by the curtained window. It did not sound like the voice of her husband, and she did not look up. She would wait until he came to kiss her, as he always did before he went away; and then she might be able to speak—to speak upon his bosom, where she could hide her face—but she dared not trust her voice now. She knew she should cry if she spoke and she would not have her husband see her do that if he were angry with her. But he did not come to her. He turned away without another word, and was gone.

Andrew Thurston knew that his wife must have heard his question, and as she did not immediately answer, he allowed his anger to express itself in a slam of the door as he went out. He pulled on his gloves very vigorously, and stepped off with measured and majestic strides. But not long so. The fresh morning air fanned his brow with a cooling influence, and he began to think. He missed something. For the first time since he had been married, he was going away from home without his wife's kiss. Surely a cloud had arisen upon the domestic horizon, and something very much like a storm had come upon their peace. He was unhappy; and the more he meditated, the more unhappy he became.

"Dollie was to blame," he said to himself. But this did not heal his wound.

"I may have been hasty," he acknowledged, after further reflection. "But still," he assured himself, "she irritated me."

Thus he reached a point very far from soothing or satisfactory in its influence. He was forced to acknowledge that he had allowed himself, in a moment of irritation, to speak hastily and unkindly. When he entered the train, he took his seat alone, in a far corner, and pulled his hat down over his eyes. He did not wish to converse.

When he reached his office, he was moody and taciturn—very unlike the Andrew Thurston whose want it was to come in with smiles and cheerful salutation.

A little thing it was, to be sure, but it gave him great pain. A mote in a shiny particle, but it becomes a thing of baleful moment when it is lodged in the eye and the heart that is made tender with a devoted, living love, it is as possible to move as is the eye.

As he sat alone in his office, he picked up a paper, and sought to overcome his unhappy thoughts by reading. He could not fix his mind upon the thread of a long article; so he read the short paragraphs; and at length his eye caught the following:—

"Where there has been misunderstanding between near and dear friends, resulting in mutual unhappiness and regret, he one who loves most, and whose sense of right and duty is strongest, will make the first advance towards reconciliation."

Andrew Thurston dropped the paper, and rose to his feet. It was as though a voice from heaven had spoken to him.

"I do not love the most," he soliloquized; "but I am the strongest, and should show my love by my works."

He looked at his watch. It was almost noon. It was not his custom to return home till evening, but he could not remain and bear the burden through the other hours of the day. And he marveled, as he put on his hat, and drew on his gloves, how even the resolve to do this simple thing had lit the sunlight into his soul.

* * * * * * *

Dollie Thurston, when she knew that her husband had gone—had gone without a word or a kiss—had gone without giving her time to recover her stricken senses—sank down and wept; and it was a long time before she could clearly think or reflect. She had been left alone—alone with pain and sorrow—and she was utterly miserable. She blamed herself for not having called her husband to her; and she blamed him for not having come of his own accord. To her it seemed as though the death of joy had come. She had never known such misery before. By-and-by, when she could think, she wondered if her husband would smile upon her if she should offer him the first kiss, and speak the first word of love. She would try it. It would be terrible if he should repulse her; but she could not live so.

The hours passed, and the young wife sat like one disconsolate. She thought not of lunch—she had no appetite. She only thought, could the warm sunshine ever come again? Did her husband love her less than she had thought?

Thus she sat, with pale cheeks and swollen eyes, when she heard the outer door opened, and a step in the hall. She started up to listen, thinking that perhaps, her senses might have deceived her, when the door of the sitting-room opened, and her husband entered. His eyes filled with tears when he saw how pale and grief-stricken his wife looked, and, with open arms, he moved towards her.

"Dollie!—my darling! Don't let us be unhappy any more!"

He had been thinking, on his way home, what he should say when he met her; and he had framed in his mind a speech of confession which he would make; but he forgot it all when he saw her, and his heart spoke as it would. The words burst from his lips, lovingly, prayerfully, beseechingly: "Dollie!—my darling! Don't let us be unhappy any more!"

She came to his bosom, and twined her arms about his neck; and for the kiss that was missed in the morning, they took many now; and they wept no more apart, but wept together.

That was all. The cloud had passed; and they experienced the exquisite thrill which all true hearts can feel when a wrong has been made right, and when the warm joy-beams drive away the dark shadows of sorrow and regret. It was a life-lesson to them both; and they promised themselves that they would pay heed to its teachings.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A PIN and needle, being neighbors, in a work-basket, and both being idle folks, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how do you expect to go through the world without a head?"

"What is the use of your head," replied the needle, very sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and go through more work, than you can," said the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long."

"Why not?"

"Because you always have a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull off your head if you only insult me again."

"I'll pull out your eye if you touch me: remember, your life hangs on a single thread," said the pin.

While they were conversing a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. She then tied the thread round the neck of the pin, and attempted to sew with it; she soon pulled the head off, and threw it in the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," says the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out that they are brothers till they lay in the dust together, as we do."

A HAPPY WOMAN.

What spectacle more pleasing does the earth afford than a happy woman contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briars and thorns of life into roses of Paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy because they cannot help it—no misfortunes dampen their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them, as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of contentment, whose value is above the philosopher's stone; for without seeking the baser exchange of gold, which may buy some sorts of pleasure, they convert everything they touch into joy. What their condition is makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the fickle world; but the sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts, and makes them radiantly beautiful. Though they live in a log cabin, they make it shine with a lustre that kings and queens may covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty.

I'LL COME TO THEE, BELOVED.

BY ETHEL P.

I'll come to thee, beloved,
When silver stars look from the upper deep,
And twilight softly steals away from sight,
When dew-crowned blossoms droop and sink to sleep,
Rocked gently by the pensive winds of night;
When darkness walks the upland, vale, and lea,
I'll come to thee, beloved,
I'll come to thee!

I'll come to thee, beloved,
And we will wander where the mosses grow,
In airy bowers, lit by the fire-fly's gleam;
Where tuneful sprites, Sitting to and fro,
Make music fitted for a fairy's dream;
Where love alone can watch o'er thee and me,
I'll come to thee, beloved;
I'll come to thee!

A MISTAKE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY AUSTYN ROWE.

It was towards the close of a fine, clear day in the early part of December, 1868, that I seated myself in a comfortable arm-chair before my study fire, having just returned home after a visit of several days to some friends.

Every one who has traveled knows what a pleasant thing it is to find himself, at the close of a long and tedious journey, sole occupant of the very coolest room in his own house, quite at liberty to stretch out his limbs in the most comfortable attitude he has yet discovered, and doze away an hour or two without giving offence to anybody.

This was my case, and when I add that I was a bachelor in my thirtieth year, devoted to the science of medicine, and having a good practice and a considerable fortune, which were left to me by my father two years before, I think I have told all about my worldly circumstances that it is necessary for the reader to know, except that, during my late absence, I had left the sick and afflicted of Winterton to the tender mercies of John Balderstone, Esq., M. D., an intimate friend of mine.

As John did not expect me home before the following day, I congratulated myself upon being free from interruption for that night at least, and so, as the reader has seen, prepared to take mine ease after mine own peculiar fashion.

"I declare," said I, as I applied a glowing coal to my cigar, and watched the first light, curling wreaths of smoke with the keenest enjoyment, "it is the happiest moment I have had for a week."

Then, as my thoughts recurred to the events thereof:

"What stupid things weddings are!" I muttered contemptuously; "especially in the depth of winter. First compelled to stand still for half an hour on a gravestone in a church like a damp cellar; then frozen stiff during the process of getting over seven miles of rough country with hired horses; and, to crown all, compelled to make a fool of myself at breakfast by proposing the health of the happy couple—happy couple, forsooth, when the bride was dissolved in tears, and seemed likely to faint! Well, Fred has made fuss enough after her, and he has got her at last; but I must say he has put himself to more trouble than *I* mean to do, if ever I take it into my head to enter the holy state."

Here I paused to knock the ashes from my cigar, and contemplate my own more enviable condition of single blessedness.

"I'm blest if there's a girl could tempt me out of it—unless it be my cousin, Kate Archer," I resumed; "but then Kate is a girl in a thousand—clever, sensible, and a good girl, too; such a wife as she would be might prove help and comfort to a man. Mischievous, though—confoundedly mischievous," as I remembered how, on one occasion, she had sewn up all the fingers in my gloves, because I asked her to mend a small hole in one of them, in consequence of which I had been compelled to drive a distance of two miles bare-handed in a cutting wind.

"I got the kiss back, though, which I had given her for her supposed kindness."

There is no saying to what my meditations might have tended from this point, if they had not been broken in upon by Margaret, my housekeeper, who brought some hot water and the whiskey bottle.

"Has Mr. Balderstone been here to-day?" I asked, when she had finished saying she was glad to see me at home again.

"Yes, sir; he came this morning, and sent James down to the village with some physic."

"Did he say how your nephew was?" I inquired.

"He's much better, thank you, Mr. Edward. I went down to see him yesterday. You'll be sorry to hear, sir, that Mary Gordon is dead."

"What?" I exclaimed; "she was doing well when I left."

"Ah, yes, sir; but she was taken worse that very night; and she died the day but one after, poor thing! They say her husband's nearly heart-broken about it."

"Poor fellow!" said I; "it's a sad case."

I was truly sorry; Mary Gordon had interested me a good deal. She was a pretty, but delicate girl, and they had not been married more than a year.

"It's the way of all flesh," I went on, pursuing my reflections when Margaret had left the room; "but it seems a pity that she should have been taken. How lonely that young fellow must feel just now! I am sure he loved her. He must be some years younger than I am; yet he has known what it is to find a wife, and lose one."

Here Margaret again interrupted me by placing a note on the table, which she said Mr. Archer's man had left that morning. It was a little, three-cornered affair, folded after a fashion peculiar to young ladies; and at a glance I recognized the hand-writing of my cousin Catherine. It ran thus:

"DEAR COUSIN:

"Mamma has asked a few friends to take tea with us this evening, and she will be glad if you can make it convenient to join them. In haste, very truly yours,

"C. ARCHER."

Perhaps, from the tenor of my previous meditations, the reader will hardly understand why, after reading this little missive over once or twice, I should fold it up carefully, and place it in a certain private pocket in my vest, instead of tossing it amongst the heap of other papers on my table.

The truth was that, having many friends and few cares, I felt at times as though it were of very little consequence whether I married or not; whilst at others the natural desire for female society and the comforts of home—such as a man cannot have without a wife—came over me with power almost sufficient to make me commit the rash act of matrimony without due deliberation. I knew that if I loved any one, it was Kate Archer; but then I was generally so free from care without her, that I almost doubted whether my heart was so deeply touched as to make her nearer relationship necessary for my happiness.

I was conscious that there had always been a little tenderness in my conduct towards Kate; she had been my favorite cousin ever since the time when I used to come home for the holidays and ramble with her through the fields, or sit by the winter fire and tell her the adventures of my school life.

And now Kate was a blooming girl, in her twenty-third year; and I was Edward Singleton, Esq., M. D., of the village of Winterton.

Had Kate seemed to consider my attentions in any more serious light than our cousinship warranted, the chances are that I should have taken alarm, and suspended my visits altogether—at all events, for a while; but there was no symptom of any such thing. Supposing she loved me, she was not the girl to show it; and as we laughed, talked, flirted together, if you will, in perfect good faith and humor.

True, I sometimes veiled a deeper meaning beneath a passing word or careless manner, but these advances were always received and answered with such ready wit and unembarrassed grace, that whenever I puzzled myself with trying to find out what was Kate's real feeling for me, (and I did so puzzle myself sometimes,) I was sure to find it a hopeless task; and, to say the truth, I should have been afraid of proposing to her under our present circumstances; for in some of her moods she would have had no more mercy than had Beatrice of old.

This is a digression; but the reader must excuse it as being necessary to the right understanding of my state of mind when I read Catherine's note. Five minutes after reading it, I was on my way to Waterside, the residence of my uncle, situated about three miles from Winterton.

I cannot account for it, but on that particular night my thoughts would keep wandering on the subject of matrimony. There might not have been a more serious thing in life than the idea of having a wife at the head of one's table, and being addressed (in private, of course) as "My dear Edward."

Before I had got a mile on the road, my brain was teeming with fanciful pictures of domestic life and my cousin Catherine; and by the time I was in sight of my uncle's house, I felt so much like a culprit that I was more than half disposed to turn back again.

Overcoming this momentary weakness, however, I was presently admitted into the well-known drawing-room, a well-lighted, well-warmed apartment.

After the usual salutations had been gone through, the question rose to my lips, "Where's Catherine?" but, for reasons which I cannot explain, but which the reader will perhaps understand, I did not utter it, but contented myself with turning round every time the door was opened, until I had broken both sides of my collar, and satisfied myself that she was not in the house.

"Louisa," said I, at last, to my other cousin, a pretty girl of eighteen, who sat next me, "where's Catherine?"

"Oh, she went to Oaklands this morning. Mrs. Leicester asked her to spend the day there."

"What, in the name of fortune, makes the girl look so confused?" thought I. "The question was natural enough, surely."

The charm of the evening having been gone, however, I stepped into the library, where presently I was joined by my aunt, a fussy old lady, very talkative, very proud of her daughters, and invariably kind to everybody.

"I see that you and Louisa have had something to say about it already, Edward," said she. "We don't like it talked of at present; though, being a cousin, of course it makes a difference. But what do you think, now? Your uncle gave his consent at once, and I really think it will be a very suitable connection."

"My dear aunt," said I, "I only asked where Catherine was, and Louisa told me she had gone to spend the day at Oaklands. Is there anything more to tell?"

"Well, of course, I speak in confidence to you, Edward, and I think you will be glad to hear that Frederick Leicester has proposed to the dear child, and it seems there has been an attachment between them for some time. I shall be sorry enough to part with her, but, you see, she will be settled very near to us, and he is the young man, of all others, that we should most like for a son-in-law. The wedding is at present fixed for the 9th of next month, for I never saw a bridegroom-elect so impatient in my life."

Here was a blow for me; another winter wedding, and such a wedding! It never entered my head to ask which of my cousins was denominated "the dear child," but took it for granted that, in this case, it could only be Catherine, and made my exit as quickly as possible.

On my way home a carriage passed me; I knew it well enough, though the night was dark; and, seated side by side in it, were Frederick Leicester and my cousin Catherine, his betrothed bride. I felt, for a moment, that I should have been happy under the horses' feet, and feeling the wheels going over me. But no such accident happened, and, in due time, I reached my bachelor residence, in a very different state of mind from that in which I had left it. The house looked different, too. The comfortable study was dark; the fire had gone out, and a dreadfully chilly feeling crept over me as I sat down again in my arm-chair. It had been my father's chair; he had sat in it until the very day of his death, and I began to think what difference would it make if I should follow him. A new doctor would soon be found; what little place I had in the world would soon be filled, and I should not leave even a child to grieve for me.

I felt dreadfully bitter against all womankind especially, and, having thoroughly "raked" Margaret for letting the fire go out, and forbidden her to make another, though she wished to do so, I sat before the dead ashes until five o'clock next morning.

The next few weeks were, without exception, the most miserable portion of my existence. It is very well that I did not poison somebody by mistake, and so make Catherine the means of transporting me not only from happiness to despair, but from despair to the colonies. Again, however, the powers that be saved me.

It only wanted about ten days to the wedding, which must have been kept unusually quiet, for I never heard a word of it from anybody; when, one morning, as I was walking to see a patient in the village, I suddenly came upon Frederick Leicester and Catherine.

"My dear fellow," cried the gentleman, grasping my hand with his customary heartiness of manner, which seemed to me just then the most insufferable rudeness; "where have you been this last week or two? I wanted to ask you ——"

I broke away before he could finish the sentence, without even saying good morning. Catherine had not spoken to me, but as I marched off, I heard her say, in a voice that sounded as though she were in the last degree amazed:

"Whatever is the matter with him?"

"Heartless flirt," thought I, "you know well enough."

This incident, however, roused me. Upon thinking it over, I saw very plainly that it would have been much more dignified in me if I had saluted them as usual, which I should doubtless have done, or tried to do, if I had had time for consideration beforehand; so I determined to call at Waterside on the following day, and explain that when they had met me, I was hastening to attend a very serious case, at which I was wanted immediately.

I *would* see her again before her marriage, if only to show her how very little that event affected me.

True to my resolution, by ten o'clock next morning I was at Waterside.

"Are the ladies at home?" I asked of the maid who opened the door.

"Yes, sir; master and missis are out, but the young ladies are both in."

So I entered.

Catherine was alone in the library. At the first glance I fancied she looked a shade paler and quieter than usual.

"Well she may," thought I; "she is about to take a very serious step."

But it was herself that spoke:

"You were exceedingly rude yesterday, cousin—quite unbearable. You are quite losing that elegant polish which used to be so fascinating."

I explained in as few words as possible; and we talked of other things—a concert, or concert-cum-soiree, as she called it, for they are both in one, which was shortly to be given in the village, and other gossip of the neighborhood.

Then I rose to go, for, to say truth, I began to feel afraid, as I looked at her, of making a fool of myself at the last moment, and telling her how I loved her.

"So you are actually going, without saying one word about the wedding, and nothing else is talked of here from morning till night! I was waiting to see if you would have the good grace to mention it. Really, cousin, it is as little as you can do to wait another minute or two! I will call Louisa."

"No, thank you," said I. "I'm going; but tell me, Catherine,"—by an irresistible impulse I took her hand in mine and held it fast—"will this match be a happy one?"

"I assure you the gentleman thinks so."

"But the lady——"

"Is perfectly satisfied with the prospect."

"Farewell, then," I said; "farewell, cousin! I had hoped to call you by a dearer name."

The words escaped my lips involuntarily, and could not be recalled.

For a moment Catherine looked more agitated than I was; but she recovered herself immediately.

"Edward," she said, in a voice so changed that I should scarcely have recognized it as hers,—"Edward, tell me, does this marriage affect you in any way?"

"Affect me!" I cried. "You know it has ruined every hope I had, and made me the most wretched of men."

She looked perfectly astounded.

"Oh, Catherine!" I went on, "you *must* have known this—you, with a woman's heart, must have seen and interpreted mine! Is it possible you can have been so blind that this astonishes you? But tell me," I said, seeing her increasing agitation, "it were better to break the most sacred engagement than to repent when it is too late—tell me, Catherine, as you value my peace, do—is—is Frederick Leicester loved as a wife should love him?"

I could not bring my lips to say:

"Do you love him?"

She released her hands from mine, and answered very quietly:

"He is."

"Then there is no hope for me?"

"No, Edward."

So I went away, with my thoughts in that confused state which that man alone can understand who has gone through a similar scene—the only distinct impression on my mind being that I had left my cousin Catherine as pale as a ghost.

Another trial awaited me on my arrival at home, in the shape of a note from Frederick Leicester, inviting me to be his "best man" at the wedding.

I felt very much more inclined to be his best man in a duel. He said he should have mentioned it on the previous morning, but for my professional haste, and hoped that I should be able to devote the 9th of February to him; concluding with "your cousin wishes it as well as myself."

The evening brought me a note from Catherine, which ran thus:

"DEAR COUSIN:

"Frederick is here, and tells me that he has asked you to be present on the 9th. Of course, you will decline. Excuse my freedom in writing to you; but I think, if it is convenient, you had better leave Winterton for that day. It will be the best explanation of your absence, and prevent remarks. The confidence you placed in me this morning shall be religiously kept.

"Believe me very sincerely yours,

"CATHERINE ARCHER.

"Burn this note as soon as you have read it."

This struck me as being a very strange proceeding. I was by no means sure that, even under such circumstances, it was exactly right for a young lady betrothed to write to me on such a subject, and in such a manner. However, I thought I had no cause to blame her; she had doubtless done it to spare me the mortification of seeing the wedding cortege pass my door, which it would have to do. Still it seemed strange, and thinking about it only puzzled me more.

I determined to take her advice, and leave Winterton. Indeed, I had already decided to leave; not only for that day, but for years—perhaps forever. What did it matter now which quarter of the globe contained me? I would travel so long as I remained a bachelor, which I then felt would be for the term of my natural life. I had private means sufficient to keep me respectably, and my practice might go to—John Balderstone, for aught I cared.

So, on the very night before the wedding, without saying a word to anybody, I stepped into a railway carriage, and was rapidly whirled towards New York.

I hope, for the sake of human reason, that it has been, and will in future be, the lot of very few persons to spend two such days as I spent on the 9th and 10th of February, 1869.

I wandered up and down the busy city, without seeing a single face I knew, and with a sort of indistinct idea that I should wander on in that way until I died, and be buried without being owned by anybody. I even began to wish that the latter process had been gone through, and once or twice the thought suggested itself that I might expedite the matter if I liked.

Two whole days passed in this manner, and on the morning of the third I happened to stroll into the news-room of the hotel where I was putting up, and taking up a paper read the first announcement that caught my eye:

"On the 9th inst., at St. Mary's Church, Winterton, by the Rev. J. J——, vicar, Frederick Leicester, of Oaklands, to Louisa, youngest daughter of John Archer, of Waterside."

It was all plain enough now. *I* had thought that Catherine loved Frederick—*Catherine* had thought that I loved Louisa; but how was I to explain it all to them? I could not help laughing aloud at the prospect.

That I *did* manage to explain it, and satisfactorily, the intelligent reader will gather from the following conversation, which took place at my uncle's front door, on the evening of that self-same day, just as I was about to leave there and return home:

"Tell me," said Catherine, as she held my hand in hers, and mimicked to the life my former agitated voice and manner, which were now replaced by a calmness and stability delightful to witness, "*will* this match be a happy one?"

"I assure you the gentleman thinks so," said I.

"But the lady?"

"She'll have to make the best of it."

"Because, you know, it would be better to break the most sacred enga——"

"Now, Kate, be merciful."

So I said to the Kate of that day, and have just been saying to the Kate of this; for, being in want of something better to do, my wife sits on the opposite side of the table, trying to make me spoil the last page of my neatly-written manuscript by pulling the cloth.

LOVE TILL DEATH.

BY J. JONES.

Four years of the fourteenth century had passed away. All Austria was plunged into dismay and confusion. Albrecht, Emperor and King, and equally tyrant and despot, had been slain by a band of desperate nobles, of whom Rudolph Vonder Wart was the chief.

Agnes, the widow of the murdered Kaiser, vowed vengeance, and kept her vow. One by one the conspirators were hunted down. Last of all, Rudolph was doomed; and on the fair morning on which our story commences, he came forth to die.

Knight and noble were ranged in a glittering circle around the imperial throne, raised on the execution ground, and on which was seated the Empress. Her haughty head was set in pitiless hate and triumph, as she marked the sombre scaffold opposite, topped by the dreadful wheel on which the criminal was to be bound, and guarded by the red-robed headsman. The solemn toll of the church-bells fell heavily on the ear as the guard, with the prisoner in their midst, neared the scaffold.

Greedily the Empress watched him as he mounted the stair. His haughty face was rigid with repose, and his blue eyes were glittering as steel. His brow flushed angrily as the headsman roughly tied his hands; but a sneering laugh from the Empress seemed to restore his calm. Agnes looked on triumphantly, as he was bound to the wheel, and a thrill ran through the great assembly as the executioner lifted his iron bar, and let it fall with a sickening crash on the limbs of the victim.

He gave one moan of agony, and was silent. The torture that for hours would be his he knew, and steeled himself to bear. Before the eyes of his deadly enemies Von der Ware resolved he would wait the bitter end in silence.

There was a yielding of the vast crowd round the scaffold, and a murmur of sympathy, unchecked even by awe of the Empress. A woman passed swiftly up the scaffold, and paused a moment as she glanced at the criminal stretched on the wheel.

She was very beautiful. Her golden hair fell in thick ringlets over her round neck, and her dark, blue eyes and sculptured face were of rare loveliness. She was Gertrude Von der Wart, come to soothe her husband's agony to the last.

The Empress laughed in bitter derision; and the supple courtiers around, taking their cue, launched shaft after shaft of biting sarcasm against the woman who dared to still cling to a traitor. Her fair face crimsoned for a moment, but she crushed down her woman's torture at the voices around her, and looked only on her dying love.

"Water!" he muttered. "This thirst burns."

Gertrude glanced around, and saw near a tank which fed a fountain. Swiftly she swept down the steps, and taking off one of her shoes, filled it with water. Then, re-ascending, she climbed slowly up to the side of her husband, and, heedless, in her lofty love and sublime calm, of the venomed tongues around, pressed her lips passionately to his face, which worked in agony.

He scarcely seemed to feel her lips on his brow at first, for he only murmured, "Oh, death, death, end this slow agony! Come, welcome, death!"

"Rudolph, my own!" she whispered, and placed her shoe to his quivering mouth, which seemed to cling to the welcome water.

He glanced at her with ineffable fondness, and strove to raise his head. But there was no need, for she pillowed it on her bosom. And the Empress laughed a harsh laugh. But even in her sycophants' breasts was some touch of shame, and they were silent in the presence of such noble constancy and truth.

The sun sloped to the west, and its red rays fell on the damp brow of the dying man. His wife kept her marble calmness; and, with ceaseless care, her little hand wiped the drops from his forehead, and wetted his lips with the water.

"I prayed for the final blow," he whispered, "before thou camest, darling; but I am content to linger now!"

"So perish traitors!" said the Empress, loudly; and it was mechanically echoed by the guards.

Gertrude Von der Wart looked around in the silence; her beautiful face showed no quivering or emotion, but, with inexpressible tenderness, she bent over her husband, and cooled with the water-drops his burning face, over which the last shadows were creeping.

A mortal wrench of pain shook every limb for a space; but he set his teeth hard, and made no sign. Then he caught Gertrude's wrist, and looked at her with the last long gaze of unutterable love radiant in his dimming eyes.

She drew his head to her bosom, and clasped it, as if those twining arms could have guarded her Rudolph from death. And she heard him say, with such gratitude in his tone as could only be syllabled by his lips to be stilled forever in a moment's time, and eagerly saying their last words, "My Gertrude! my Gertrude! This is indeed love till death!"

SORROW.—Strangely do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow; overleaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so. No one ever does that—at least, no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.

MY WOOING.

BY E. S. EDWARDS.

I am not a bashful man. Generally speaking, I am fully as confident and forward as most of my sex. I dress well, dance well, sing well; I don't tread on ladies' dresses when I make my bow; I have not the trick of coloring to the roots of my hair when I am spoken to. Yet there was one period in my life when all my merits seemed to my own eyes insignificant, and I felt very modest, not to say bashful. It was when I was in love. Then, sometimes, I did not know where to put my hands and feet. Did I mention that in the same hands and feet consists my greatest beauty? They are both small.

Three years ago I fell in love. I did not go into it quietly, weighing my idol's perfections against her defects; I fell in head and ears, two seconds after the introduction.

"Mr. Haynes, Miss Arnold," said a mutual friend, and lo! I was desperately in love. She was a fairy-like figure, with long, brown curls floating over a snowy neck and shoulders, and falling down on the waist of an enchanting sky-blue dress. Her large dark blue eyes were full of saucy light; yet how tender and loving they could look! (This I found out later.)

Of all the provoking, tantalizing little coquets that ever tested the heart of a poor man, Susy Arnold was the most bewitching. I would pass an evening with her, and go home certain that one more interview would make me the happiest of men; but the next time I met her a cool nod and indifferent glance threw down all my castles. She was very cautious. Not a word did she let drop to make me believe that she loved me; and yet her hand would linger in mine, her color rise if I looked my feelings, and her eyes droop, to be raised again in a moment, full of laughing defiance. She declared her intention to be an old maid most emphatically, and in the next sentence would add, "I never did love, but if I should take a fancy to anybody, I should love ardently. Though," she would say, carelessly, "I never saw anybody yet worth setting my thoughts upon."

I tried in a thousand ways to make her betray some interest in myself. Propose outright, I could not. She had a way, whenever I tried it, of looking in my face with an air of grave attention, of profound interest, that was equivalent in its effect to knocking me down: it took all the breath out of me.

One evening, while there, I was seized with a violent headache. I told her I was subject to such attacks, and the gipsy, putting on a grave face, gave me a lecture on the subject of health, winding up with—"The best thing you can do is to get a wife to take care of you, and to keep you from over-study. I advise you to do it—if you can get any one to have you."

"Indeed," I said, rather piqued, "there are only too many. I refrain from a selection, for fear of breaking other hearts. How fond all the ladies are of me!" I added, conceitedly; "though I can't see that I am particularly fascinating."

"Neither can I," said Susy, with an air of perfect simplicity.

"Can't you?" said I. "I hoped—hoped ——." Oh, that dreadfully attentive face of hers! "That is, Miss Susy, I thought, perhaps—oh, my head! my head!" and I buried my face in the cushion.

"Does it ache so very badly?" and she put her cool little hand among my curls. I felt the thrill her fingers gave me all the way to the toes of my boots.

My head being really very painful, I was obliged to leave; but all the way home the soft, cool touch of those little fingers lingered upon my brow.

Soon after this, it became necessary for me to leave New York on business. An offer of a lucrative partnership in San Francisco, in the firm of a mercantile friend of mine, made me decide to extend my trip, and see how the "land lay."

One thing was certain: I could not leave New York for months, perhaps, without some answer from Susy. Dressed in my faultless costume, and full of hope, I went to Mr. Arnold's. Susy was in the parlor, at the piano, alone.

We chatted away for a time. At last I began:

"Miss Susy, I called to tell you that I—I——"

How she was listening! A bright thought struck me—I would tell her of my journey; and in the emotion she was sure to betray, it would be easy to declare my love.

"Miss Susy," I said, "I am going to San Francisco to-morrow."

She swept her hand across the keys of the piano into a stormy polka. I tried to see her face, but her curls fell over it. I was prepared to catch her if she fainted, or comfort her if she wept. I listened for the sobs I fancied the music was intended to conceal; but, throwing back the curls with a sudden toss, she struck the last chord of the polka, and said, gaily:

"Going away?"

"Yes; for some months."

"Dear me, how distressing! Stop at some store as you go home, and order me some pocket-handkerchiefs for this melancholy occasion, will you?"

"You do not seem to require them," I said, rather piqued. "I shall stay some months."

"Well, write to pa, won't you? And if you get married, or die, or anything, let us know."

"I have an offer to be a partner in a mercantile firm in San Francisco," I said, determined to try her; "and if I accept it, as I have some thoughts of doing, I shall never return."

Her face did not change. The old saucy look was there, as I spoke; but I noticed that one little hand closed convulsively over her watch-chain, and the other fell upon the keys, making, for the first time, a discord.

"Going away for ever?" she said, with a sad tone, that made my heart throb.

"Miss Susy, I hoped you, at least, would miss me, and sorrow in my absence."

She opened her eyes with an expression of profound amazement.

"I?"

"Yes, it might change all my plans, if my absence would grieve you."

"Change all your plans?"

"Yes, I hoped—thought——"

Oh! that earnest, grave face. My cheeks burned, my hands and feet seemed to swell, and I felt cold chills all over me. I could not go on. I broke down for the third time.

There was an awkward silence. I glanced at Susy. Her eyes were resting on my hand, which lay on the arm of the sofa.

The contrast between the black horsehair and the flesh seemed to strike her.

"What a pretty little hand!" she said.

A brilliant idea passed through my brain.

"You may have it if you will!" said I, offering it.

She took it between her own, and toying with the fingers, said, "May I?"

"Yes, if—if you will give me this one,"—and I raised her beautiful hand to my lips.

She looked into my face. What she read there I cannot say: but if ever eyes tried to talk, mine did. Her color rose, the white lids fell over the glorious eyes, and the tiny hand struggled to free itself. Was I fool enough to release it?

What I said I know not; but I dare say my wife can tell you.

EVERYBODY'S friend is no one's. Jealousy is almost as much allied to friendship as to love, and it is more natural to see friends in pairs than in trios or in scores.

THERE is nothing more allied to the barbarous and savage character than sullenness, concealment, and reserve.

THE ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY.

Miss Nina Loring was a very romantic young lady. She had been told by her nurse, when she was just old enough to understand what was said, that she would grow up to be a beautiful woman, that men would be dying everywhere for her love, and that she would marry a handsome, wealthy gentleman, and pass her days in riches and luxury. This delightful prospect was deeply impressed upon the child's mind, and became stronger every hour.

At an early age Miss Nina commenced to read novels of that class which glorifies filial disobedience, and exalts elopement into a cardinal virtue. All the sympathies of her too sensitive nature were aroused for the mock heroines and heroes, and she came to regard as a type of the highest female excellence the pining, languishing, and fainting creatures of her favorite school of romance. Her male hero was always a tall, slender person, exquisitely formed, with irreproachable hair, whiskers, features, and costume, heightened by a sad, mysterious air, and a sickly, mawkish conversation. Men and women of this kind were in her eyes objects to be envied and imitated; and she almost wept herself thin over the moving tale of their imaginary sorrows.

Of course all this had its effect upon the young lady's character. At first she was restless and discontented. Gradually this grew into a feeling of not being appreciated by his relatives and friends, a vague longing after something, she knew not what for the life of her. She dressed to resemble as far as possible the heroine of her latest novel, the difference being only such as the inexorable fashions of the present day demanded. She tried her best to look sentimental and interesting, scorning as too vulgar for her the ridiculous idea that the highest beauty of a young girl consists in her free and joyous gayety, and her ripe and blooming cheeks, and happy eyes. Her parents were not only annoyed at discovering her sentimental tendency, but also made very anxious about it. They feared that no good would come of it, and did what they could to cure it, but in vain. The young lady became worse every year. Her friends thought her simply ridiculous, and laughed at her unmercifully; but as her heroines were frequently ridiculed by the vulgar herd who could not understand them, she thought it her lot to suffer likewise.

While her parents were anxiously considering what to do for their daughter, a friend advised them to send her to a boarding-school, where the sharp rough discipline, and constant contact with her own sex, who would laugh at her vagaries unmercifully, might do her good. It would be a severe remedy to one like Nina, but they thought it would benefit her; and finally her parents sent her to a school which they had very carefully chosen.

At first Miss Nina took the opposition which her pet ideas encountered very philosophically; but at last she began to chafe under it, and finally made up her mind to fly from the school, and return home. It would be so romantic! She could not help thinking that it would be much more romantic to fly with a lover, and she wished that she had one.

Miss Nina had often observed at church, and during her walks, a tall, dark, distinguished-looking man, who had seemed to notice her very closely. Whichever way she turned she met his eyes; and it was not long before she welcomed his gaze with a smile that finally encouraged him to bow, and his bow was returned.

A few days later she received a letter in which the stranger avowed his love for her, and begged her to reply, telling her how she might do so. At last Miss Nina had a lover. How delightfully romantic it was! Of course she answered the letter, and this clandestine correspondence was continued for several months, and ended in Miss Nina's flight from the school—not to her home, however, but away to a distant town with her lover, where she was married. The usual letter was written to papa, asking his forgiveness in the approved style; but the old gentleman replied very coldly, telling her that she must remain with her husband, as he could not consent to take her back. It was rather a sudden blow to Nina, and put an end to many of her fine notions, as she had expected her father to follow the course usually pursued by the papas of her favorite novels.

However, it roused some spirit in her, and she determined to make the best of her fate. It was a hard task. When her husband found that there was no prospect of "conciliating the old gentleman," he neglected her. He knew she was a rich man's daughter, and as he brutally told her, he had "married her on speculation" hoping in this way to refill his empty pockets. Worse than this, Nina found that he was a gambler, and ere long she knew that he was also a coward, for twice in his rage he struck her.

For a year Nina lived this wretched life, and during that time whatever romance she had begun with was ground out of her, leaving her a cold, practical, bitter woman. She could not endure it; and she wrote to her father, asking him to take her back, as she could live with her husband no longer.

Old Mr. Loring had not been heartless in the matter. He had acted upon a deliberate calculation. He meant to give Nina a year of what he knew would be bitter experience, watching her meanwhile, and then to offer to take her back. He could not undo the marriage, but he thought that in a year she and her husband would both consent to a separation. He was about to go to her when he received her letter.

He took her back, an humbled and terribly punished woman. Yet what a wreck the poor girl was! Her mortification and trouble had been so great that they had made her a stern and prematurely old woman, dead to happiness for ever.

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Saturday Evening, July 4, 1874.

THE HAIR AND ITS FASHIONS.

When the "fervor of the summer's day" draws nigh, there is heard throughout the land, a general clipping and cutting of the hair, principally confined, however, to the little ones and their fathers and brothers. The long, flowing tresses, which have been the poet's favorite theme from earliest times, as descriptive of female loveliness, are rather a burden to the fair possessor during the scorching days which are characteristic of our American summer.

As the hair is a conspicuous feature, almost every variation in the arrangement thereof changing the personal appearance, it constitutes, especially with the ladies, an important part of the toilet, and has received merited attention in all nations, ancient and modern.

In every age, a fine head of hair has been thought an ornament, and a sign of vigor, health and beauty.

The Scriptures record the esteem which the early Hebrews had for beautiful hair, and all the busts and statues of Grecian art which have descended to us, represent the heroes' and heroines' luxuriant locks.

Mourning and funeral rites were symbolized by the ancients by the neglect of the hair, or by cutting or pulling it out, and shaving the head was a badge of degradation imposed upon criminals, and as a mark of servitude.

It was formerly the practice to remove the hair of the condemned, before execution, in convicts both of high and low degree. Louis XVI when upon the guillotine, implored his executioners to spare him this disgrace, and his request was so far acceded to that only his back hair was removed.

The diversity in the manner of wearing the hair, which taste, fashion, and convenience display, is even greater than the varieties of shade and color.

The Hebrew women braided their tresses and secured them with gold and silver pins. The Roman maids and matrons dressed their hair with pearls and gems, garlands of flowers and bright ribbons. False curls were worn, and Virgil, Cicero, and other classical writers mention the use of hot irons for curling and crimping! Even the much-abused false-hair, for which our modern belles and beauties are so often denounced in terms of unmeasured severity, was worn by the Greeks, Assyrians, Persians, and Romans. The Egyptians resorted to wigs in preference to their natural hair. In France, during the extravagant reign of Louis XIV, false-hair, extending half-way down the back, with a profusion of curls, became the mode, and to such an excess was this fashion carried, that it was deemed a breach of etiquette to appear in one's natural hair. "There is no new thing under the sun," saith the preacher, and we find that modern fashions in hair, as in many other respects, are but imitations of antiquity.

AN OLD ADAGE.

BY FLORENCE STANLEY.

"When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." So says the adage! And they expect us to believe it? Out upon such simplicity! No man or woman but will boldly contradict it, whenever and wherever they hear it spoken. If there ever existed love—real, pure, heartfelt love—in the soul of any mortal, think you that the loss of a few luxuries, or the want of a few comforts formerly enjoyed, could banish this love from the heart, or deprive it of the tender and earnest confidence and faith which had ever been its very life? Would not poverty rather be the means of strengthening and refreshing the feelings—of making the words and actions more kind and tender?—would it not rather be the means of making the whole life more devoted?

There are certain cases, I confess, which might, in some measure, justify the old proverb; but it ought to read, "When poverty comes in at the door, *seeming* love flies out at the window." We all know there is a vast difference between seeming and true love. How very, very many things *seem to be*, and yet *are not!* And this poverty is the real test, the real test of love. I once knew a young lady who was vainly wooed for years by a rich man. She was very beautiful, but she was also very proud. She never loved him *truly* until poverty fell heavily upon him. And then he came no more to her; he dared not seek her presence. Yet she sought him; and there, in his own humble home, she accepted the love which she had refused when he was owner of a stately one.

Some people said she had no "proper pride," and that she was "throwing herself away." But those who knew her better said she had done nobly and well;—and so she had.

Never before had she looked so beautiful as when she stood by her husband's side in their plain little home, and spoke of their future. And in after years, when, by their united labors, wealth had once more returned to their dwelling, the same sweet expression still rested on her features; but the pride was all gone, and in its place there was a look of soft contentment which proclaimed more plainly than words could have done, that "poverty can never put love to flight, but that love must ever be exalted and purified by honest poverty."

And so it is. Why, then, should we not believe it? Even the belief will do us good.

THE SISTER'S STRATAGEM.

BY ALLAN BERESFORD.

"You are a most unhappy man, I must say, Mr. Strother."

"I've got good cause. You're enough to try the patience of a saint."

"As if you were a saint! A pretty saint you are, with a temper worse than—well, the worst I ever saw or heard of!"

"And a wife worse than Xantippe."

"I shall lose my patience very soon. The idea of my being a scold! I wish I was one, Mr. Strother, you'd get your just deserts; I'd make your life a burden to you."

"You needn't wish yourself any worse than you are now, madam, to accomplish that."

"You're a brute!"

"Call me pet names; I'm used to it."

"I won't live with you another day. I'll leave you, and go back to mother's, you insulting wretch, before I'm a day older."

"Now you begin to talk sensibly, Maria; I really wish you would!"

Mrs. Strother went into the usual hysterics, under cover of which her husband beat a precipitate retreat. They had been married only two years, and quarrelled continually.

Mrs. Strother's sister was visiting them at that particular time, and she heard the foregoing conversation. After Mr. Strother had gone, she quietly asked her sister if such scenes were of frequent occurrence.

"Every day—almost," sobbed Mrs. Strother, rubbing some camphor into her eye with startling effect.

"Who begins it?"

"Why, Mr. Strother, of course! I am not quarrelsome!" exclaimed Mrs. Strother indignantly.

"No, *I perceive not!* Well, I see your husband is a perfect brute. I wouldn't live with such a man for the universe."

"I suppose you think your husband a paragon!" snapped Mrs. Strother, spitefully.

"Oh, no; but then he never quarrels with me."

"He must be a very even-tempered man, then, if he never quarrels with *you*," she said, with a scornful curl of the lip.

"He is; for which I thank the Fates."

Mrs. Malcolm—that was the name of Mrs. Strother's sister—turned away her face to conceal a laugh. She saw that the quarrels between Mr. Strother and his wife were merely *surface* troubles—the deep current of their love was, as yet, unchanged.

"Maria," she suddenly said, "I wish you would come and pay me a visit, both you and your husband. I told Mr. Malcolm before I started that I was going to bring you home with me, and if you don't go, I promise you I won't come to see you again in a hurry."

Mrs. Strother reflected a moment before she answered.

"I don't know; but I'll go if Mr. Strother will," she finally said.

Down sat Mrs. Malcolm, and wrote a long letter to her husband, which she sealed very privately, and sent to the post-office by a boy, to whom she gave a quarter to carry it.

In due season, Mr. Strother returned from his business, and accepted the invitation. And accordingly, when Mrs. Malcolm's visit was ended, they accompanied her to her home.

Mr. Malcolm met the party at the depot. He greeted his brother and sister-in-law quite kindly, but when he turned to his wife he looked as savage as need be.

"So you're home at last, are you?" he growled. "You've been gadding about half the time since our marriage, and now for the sake of getting rid of you, your brother and sister have brought you home."

Mrs. Malcolm glanced hastily at her sister and sister's husband, before she replied. *Their* faces were red as fire, and they looked much distressed at this "family jar."

"You need't say any thing," she tartly responded. "Who was it that went off last summer, and was gone a month, I would like to know?"

"I did to escape the constant din you made."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"You are not speaking the truth, Mr. Malcolm, and you know it. I wish you'd remember what happened to *Ananias*."

"And I wish *you'd* remember *Sapphira*."

And all the way from the depot to Mr. Malcolm's residence, conversation was lively in the style related above. Of course, it made their visitors feel miserable.

Next morning it was no better. The coffee and muffins were not as they should be, and the quarrel ended in hysteria, and slamming the doors. At noon, Mrs. Malcolm assailed her husband about the gas.

"There's a pipe that leaks!" she exclaimed. "And I don't believe that you will ever see to it. I told you about it before I left, but, of course, there couldn't be anything done unless I was here. I wish that you had common sense."

"My dear!" said her husband, in mild surprise; but she trod on his toes so vigorously under the table that he fairly groaned.

"You're always finding fault with something," he snapped. "I don't believe that an angel could please you."

"Compare yourself to an angel, will you?" sneered his wife. "You look like an angel, don't you, with your face as red as a lobster, from drinking whisky?"

"I'll apply for a separation. I won't live with such a shrew. I'd rather live with the evil one."

"I'd rather you would," said his wife. "As for the separation, I'm going to apply for one myself, so you needn't be troubled about it."

That afternoon, Maria asked if scenes like that and those preceding were usual.

"Frankly," said Mrs. Malcolm, "no; my husband and I never quarrelled but once since we married. *That once* was enough, and neither of us have any inclination to taste of the waters of bitterness again."

Mrs. Strother uttered an astonished exclamation, and her sister continued—"The fact is, my dear, our quarrelling only was acting, and was arranged *beforehand*, with a certain purpose in view, which, perhaps, you will comprehend. It was holding the mirror up to nature, and if the reflection displeases you, what must be the reality?"

Mrs. Strother hung her head for a moment, and then she arose and kissed her sister.

"I thank you," she said, "for the lesson. And I will endeavor to profit by it."

And when her husband came in, she told him all about it.

At first, he was disposed to be angry, but on thinking it over, he was forced to admit that the picture was far more truthful than it ought to be. And he joined with his wife in thanking his hostess for such a lesson. And the lesson proved fruitful of good results. From that day to this, Mr. and Mrs. Strother have never been known to quarrel.

A New Legend of "Forget-me-not."

When Psyche lost her Lord, the Lord of Love,
Weeping, alone she wandered,
Listless, by every well-known field and grove,
And on her lost love pondered.

Lastly by Lethe's stream her footsteps strayed;
And "Oh!" she said, in sighing,
"That I might dip, and my past life be made
Like dreams with daylight dying!"

The big tears from her blue eyes raining down,
Fell on earth's pitying bosom:
Sudden there sprang amid the sedges brown,
Blue as her eyes, a blossom.

And o'er her head, soft, rustling, sweet, and low,
As though some bird's wing fluttered,
In these loved tones whose lisp was all her woe,
"Forget-me-not!" was uttered.

No more: no sight, no touch: these words alone:
And "Ah!" she cried, "forget thee?
Nay, but half Love in our glad life was known;
Half Love is to regret thee.

"Forget thee? Nay, these flowers my tears begot
Shall be to me a token
Of Love: they shall be called Forget-me-not,
The name to cheer me spoken."

So well, sweet river flowers, we welcome you,
Earth with faint sadness greeting,—
Born of the tears from Psyche's eyes of blue,
For her lost Love lamenting.

THE WANDERING JEW.

BY H. P.

It is impossible to tell in what the idea of this never-dying, wandering, apparently mythical person originated.

And yet may there not have been a foundation of reality for the story?

Is it at all improbable that as the Saviour was being dragged forth from the judgment seat of Pilate, that a porter of the hall, named Cartaphilus, should have impiously struck him on the back with rude hand, and said, "Go quicker, Jesus, why dost thou loiter?" and that the Master should have turned upon him his sorrowful eyes, and answered, "I am going; but thou shalt wait till my return."

Or, is the more common story in the least improbable, which tells how when Jesus was being led to execution, bearing the heavy weight of his cross, he tried to rest a little at the door of Ahasuerus, the shoemaker. And how Ahasuerus, in his hardness of heart, and in the blindness of his zeal, smote him and urged him forward, the Saviour replying, "I shall stand and rest, but thou shalt travel onward till the last day!"

It does not seem in the least improbable that such incidents should have occurred. And as these incidents came afterwards to be related among the crowds of fervent believers, that a tradition should grow up that the offending porter or shoemaker was still alive, wandering up and down, seeking rest and finding none—and should so wander until the second appearance of the triumphant Lord.

And what more natural, in the superstition and intellectual darkness of the middle ages, than for the sight of an old, wandering man, with long beard and pilgrim staff, to bring to mind the legend, and cause the credulous crowd to query with one another whether that could be Ahasuerus or Cartaphilus?

An Archbishop of Armenia, who came on a pilgrimage to England in 1228, averred through an interpreter that he knew Cartaphilus, who had been converted to Christianity, and baptized by Ananias under the name of Joseph—and had many conversations with him. He dwelt in Armenia, had become a devout and godly man, and frequently related the incidents which occurred at the crucifixion. At that time he was thirty years of age; and when he attained the age of an hundred years, he always returned again to the age of thirty.

In 1547 the Wandering Jew himself—but not the one described by the Archbishop of Armenia—is said to have been seen in Hamburg by Doctor Paul von Eitzen, afterwards Bishop of Schleswig. This was Ahasuerus, the shoemaker.

But, according to the records, there is scarcely a country in Europe, which has not an account of being visited at some time by the Wandering Jew.

The last period of his appearance in England was about the latter part of the seventeenth century. Those who heard him were perplexed by his familiarity with foreign tongues and places. Oxford and Cambridge professors, sent to detect him as an impostor, were puzzled by him. An English nobleman is said to have conversed with him in Arabic. He told the nobleman—what seems very probable—that the historical works in that language were not to be relied upon. He might have gone further, and said the same of the historical works in all other languages, but I suppose he meant to speak by the card, and had especial knowledge of Arabia. He had known Mahomet, and considered him an intelligent man. Once when the Prophet denied that Christ had been crucified, he had checked him abruptly by telling him he was mistaken, for he himself had been an eye-witness of that event. He was also in Rome when Nero set it on fire—and so that alleged historical fact may be considered established, and our friend, T. E., who always said that Nero was a maligned man, being abused by the Roman aristocracy because he stood between their tyranny and the people, was wrong after all. This personification of the Wandering Jew also had known Tamerlane and Saladin, and could give minute details of the Crusaders. After he left London he appeared in Denmark, and then in Sweden, and then vanished,—but if he was the veritable Wandering Jew, and is now alive, he may be expected to turn up some day, like all other distinguished foreigners, and give a course of ten lectures on what he has seen and heard in each of the principal American cities.

If a claimant to the honor of being the converted Wandering Jew should now appear, the age, with all its alleged materialism, is not grown so scientific and sceptical but what we could promise him plenty of believers. And probably we have reason to rejoice that it is so, and that faith in the spiritual and wonderful still survives, even if we may mourn certain of its manifestations. Better a reasonable amount of credulity and imposture, than a cold and utterly barren scepticism.

BACHELORS AND BABIES.

BY LAURA SHARP.

"I do not like children as an institution—not even babies, about whom so many falsehoods have been said and sung; but look upon them as little pink, pulpy abominations, whom nothing but strong maternal instincts, implanted for the preservation of the species, could induce any one to undergo the vexation of rearing."

I read the above and more like it not long since in one of our leading periodicals; and you may be sure I voted the writer of it a miserable old bachelor who never had the love of one of these little ones to brighten up the gloomy hours of his single wretchedness. No little dimpled arms have been twined lovingly around his neck; no little rosy mouth has ever been pressed to his, leaving there the sweet tokens of love; no little bright eyes have ever looked into his while a sweet cheery voice said, "Papa."—Oh, no; it was not a father that wrote the above. It must have been some one, too, who had forgotten he was ever a baby; forgotten, also, the mother who bore him and cared for him in his infancy. No amount of kicking or screaming on his part ever led *her* to say, "I do not like babies as an institution." Ah! he was somebody's darling *then*, if he is not now. Poor fellow! all the harm I wish him is that some day he will find himself married and the father of three or four as bright and mischief-loving a set of boys as the angels ever sent to the earth. I wonder what he would say then! I know his iron-bound heart would give way, and his grim, stern visage brighten up a little. There is a wonderful magic in the word "papa" when uttered by one's own. Oh, pity the sorrows of a poor old man who has never sung a lullaby to his own baby, or had his nicely-brushed hair and whiskers disarranged by a pair of little fat hands just fresh from a bread and butter lunch!

Ah! there is a pleasure in these things, if you could only see it. Think how much better it would be to spend money for marbles, hoops and dolls, than to spend it for cigars, tobacco and beer; think how much more pleasure you would feel with watching a perambulator with a bright-eyed baby in it (no matter if it was trying the strength of its lungs) than to be driving in a phaeton all by yourself. Think of these things, O, ye bachelors, and then follow the example of wise married men.

UNCLE GRUM.

A Fairy Story for Little Folks.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

There lived, once on a time, a certain great, stout, disagreeable gentleman, whose name was Mr. Grum. You know there are some people who make themselves provoking in everything that they do; and this Mr. Grum was one of these people. He wore great, thick, creaking boots, that nobody liked to hear coming up their steps. He had a way of blowing his nose that you would have disliked very much, if you could have heard him. He hated children; and having said *that*, I don't think there is any need of adding another word to this description, but that we can just go on with the story, setting him down as a grumbling, growling, rusty, fusty, ill-mannered, stony-hearted, grim old Grum.

It happened, then, one day, that little Frankie Mitchell, having nothing else to do, and being a very daring boy for his years, asked Uncle Grum to tell him a story. Uncle Grum did not believe in fairies, of course; but, by way of punishing Frankie for daring to beg a story of him, he told the poor boy such a dreadful story of a giant who did nothing all day but eat boy sandwiches, that Frankie dared not go to bed alone for a week after, and started up, screaming, as often as he went to sleep. It fell out, however, that the Dreamman, who was bringing pleasant dreams for Frankie, heard every word of Uncle Grum's story, standing behind Frankie's crib; and telling it in Fairy land, there was great indignation.

"We'll teach him to frighten little boys!" said all the elves.

So, that night, as Uncle Grum was sound asleep, dreaming of boxing little girls' ears, something hit him a smart tap on the shoulder; but, jumping up, he saw nothing—only that his shoes were on the bed. He was surprised at that, and threw them off the clean, white coverlet quickly. Hardly had they touched the carpet, however, when up they popped again, on the bed, and, "Put us on!" growled one of the shoes, hoarsely.

"Good gracious me!" cried Uncle Grum.

"Put us on, I say!" growled both the shoes together, this time.

So Uncle Grum had nothing to do but to put them on. Hardly were his toes well in, when they made him get out of bed, and he found that they were marching him straight towards the door.

"Here, this won't do! Stop! I say!" squeaked Uncle Grum. But the shoes went straight on, without minding him in the least.

"Stop—wait a moment!" puffed Grum. "Let me get on my clothes, anyhow!"

But the shoes went on, just as if he had not said a word, and trotted him down stairs, and, shivering, out of doors, on the double-quick. He had not gone very far before he came to a brook, and stopped on the bank, for the water was very deep, and whirled in a very uncomfortable way for one who had any notion of crossing. The shoes twitched at Grum's toes, but he caught hold of a young tree, and held on with all his might, bellowing, "I won't go in—I shall be drowned! I won't—I won't!"

"Oh, you won't," said a voice near him: and looking around, there stood a tall man, wrapped from head to foot in a long, white cloak. "What won't you do? and what are you bellowing here for?"

"I have got on a pair of bewitched shoes," said Uncle Grum, "and they are trying to drown me!"

"Let me look at them," answered the stranger. "I know how to manage such shoes."

Then old Grum held up first one foot and then the other; and the man in the white cloak touched first the sole of one shoe, and then the other, with his long, white finger, and the moment he had done so, the tree slipped from between Uncle Grum's hands as if it had been a greased pole, and whisk, wzig, splash, bubble, bubble, went Uncle Grum, headforemost, into the deepest of the water, where he kicked and floundered, gasping and gurgling. You should have heard the water-elves laugh. They came all crowding to the top to pull Grum's hair, to pinch at his arms, to pull at his toes, and splash him, every time that he got his head out of the water. He was very nearly a dead Uncle Grum, before he got to the opposite bank; and such a cold Uncle Grum—such a wet, stiff, sticky, miserable Uncle Grum, with such a dreadful pair of shoes, that marched him straight off through the forest, over stones, and through briers, slipping, stumbling, getting scratches, trying to hold back, calling for help, and, what was strangest of all, all the time thinking of Frankie Mitchell. Somehow he could not get the boy out of his head.

As they marched along through the forest, a frog began to croak; and this is what it said:—

"That's right; hurry on the old sinner;
He'll make a good stew for the giant's dinner."

Guess how frightened Grum was at that! And hardly was the frog quiet, when a honey-bee came buzzing by, with

"Look! look! here's something new;
Grum is going to be cooked in a stew."

Before the bee was out of sight, Grum saw a monstrous castle, with a flight of two hundred steps leading up to the door, in which sat the very giant he had told Frankie Mitchell about—great eyes, long nails, bushy beard, big tooth—everything.

"How did you come here?" roared the giant.

"I didn't come," whimpered Grum. "My shoes brought me. They are bewitched."

"Stuff!" said the giant (that was a favorite word of Grum's); "you needn't tell me" (another favorite ejaculation of Grum's), "shoes are never bewitched. You are a spy. I see through you. I shall have you made into a stew! That is the way I treat spies."

Then Grum began to shriek and beg, but the shoes marched him up the steps; and the giant, picking him up, hung him by the heels in the pantry, till he should be ready to eat him; and Grum was screaming and struggling, when—he woke up—choking, and with all the blood in his head.

I hope he was better natured, after that; I think he might have been, don't you?"

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

It is, perhaps, doubtful whether a man or woman can be found who does not hold some irrational fancy about signs and omens. Even people who profess to be above any such weaknesses yield at least half assent to them, laughing at their own folly, and secretly believing while denying. For instance, the highly respectable body of "Friends" is held accountable for the rainy week which so inconveniently visits us at the time of "Yearly Meeting." Argument is useless, they say, against *facts*. The Yearly Meeting occurs in its annual course, and the "rainy season" comes along about the same time. The believers in "signs and omens" understand that the annual rain does not cause the Yearly Meeting; and *therefore* they infer that the Yearly Meeting must cause the rain. When the *facts* coincide, they cannot be gainsaid, but the logic is rather lame for all that. But in the domain of argument *facts* sometimes become sadly demoralized. Absurd as such *logic* appears, it is quite as good as is employed in some so-called scientific and philosophical theorizing; and it is better than the average grounds of popular superstitions.

Here is the month of May, for instance. More people than would be supposed hold that the month of May is a disastrous month to be married in. *Facts* unfortunately support this superstition. Many people marry who wish afterward that they had "let well enough alone," and remained single. If their weddings happened in May they are living witnesses to the bad character of that unfortunate month. Any reason for one's misfortunes is better than an honest confession that it is one's own fault; and as nobody is to blame because May is in the calendar, to put the blame on the month leaves the sufferer an innocent martyr and an unhappy victim of circumstances. Those whose wedded lives are fortunate, notwithstanding that they married in May, are not enumerated. Another wedding superstition refers to the clouds. At a recent wedding party the rain threw a damper over the guests—mental as well as physical. "Never mind," said a wag, "blessed is the bride that the rain rains on!" "But I thought it was the other way," objected a forlorn young lady. "That," said the quoter of the proverb, "depends entirely upon the weather!"—There was sunshine at once in all the faces.

Where education and intercourse deprive these superstitions of their weight, they become harmless and the subject of jest rather than serious thought—however a latent faith may linger in the mind. But, in an ignorant and isolated community, old superstitions keep their hold, with an iron grasp. Recently, in England, an inquest was held on a young woman who had committed suicide. It was in evidence at the inquest, that the deceased a few weeks before her death, had encountered a woman reputed to be a "witch;" and that the deceased thought the "witch" had "overlooked" her. She fell, in consequence, into melancholy, and, under the intolerable weight of her superstitious gloom, destroyed herself. The term "overlooked" meaning that the witch had attentively scanned her all over, shows the primitive vocabulary of the district. By "overlook," in modern acceptance we mean forget, or not see at all.

To take up all the instances of popular superstition, dying out as they are among the educated, yet powerful over the weak minds and not quite powerless against strong ones, would require a volume. They are usually remnants of the old Pagan superstitions, which have kept their traditional hold on the human mind, in spite of religious and educational enlightenment. They change their names, perhaps, but preserve their ridiculous essence; and ought not to be recognized by rational people, even in jest.

HOLY TRIFLES.

BY F. F.

Can that be called "a trifle" which makes home attractive? We think not; therefore we like flowers or plants in windows. There are some houses which make us feel as though we were on intimate terms with the inmates, through these cheerful mute tokens. Mute! did I say? Have our past lives been so barren of incident that the perfume of a flower never brought before us some bright face or loved form, which has made life for us blessed? You must have felt it—and *you*, and *you!* I am sure of it. Just such a rose as that you have "seen in her hair," and you sit dreamily looking at it, as it sways gracefully on the stem; and you wonder what the dear child, so many hundred miles away, is thinking of now, and whether her full-blossomed life has fulfilled to her its budding promise.

And that reminds you how the whirlpool of life's cares and duties had almost engulfed these sweet memories; and resolutely turn your back upon them all, you sit down and write a warm *heart-letter*, which comes to her in her distant home, like a white-winged dove at the window of a dreary winter day. And all this came of the little rose in your window; the old love wakened in your heart, and the gladness to hers!

Eloquent? If flowers are not eloquent, who or what is? Then, why are so many withered leaves put away with bright tresses and pressed passionately to lonely lips, whose quivering no eyes see save His "who wounds but to heal?" Eloquent?—Could mines of gold buy them? *This* was twined in her bridal veil; *that* was laid upon her coffin-lid. No fingers but yours may touch the shrivelled treasures. For *her* sake you have placed their blossoming counterparts in your window. You shut your eyes when you go near them, that their perfume may seem her very breath.

Eloquent? Why does the old man stoop, and with trembling fingers pick the daisy or violet, and place them in his button-hole? Don't question him about it when strangers are by. It is the key to his whole life—that little flower. "My mother liked primroses," the matron says to her little child; and so the blossom in *her* home as they did many years ago, in the nursery-window of her childhood. Ah, these "mothers!" whose "rights," guaranteed by the Great Lawgiver, nor statute makers nor statute breakers can weaken or set aside. Long years after they are dust, shall some little blossom they loved be placed in a bosom which yearns unceasingly, over and above every other human love, for her who gave it these warm pulsations. Blessed be these memorials of "the long ago!"

News of Interest

THE London *Daily Telegraph* sheds a journalistic tear, nearly two columns long, over the gradually approaching time when the elephant will be numbered among extinct animals.

AREN'T we doctored overmuch? We have a physician to every 618 of our population, while in France and England there is one to every 2,000. But, then, doctors must live, whatever happens to their patients.

EMILY FAITHFUL, the English lady who is one of the most respected and able of the advocates of the interests of her sex, says that in her opinion the intemperate use of ice water is one of the causes of the delicate health of American women.

CHILDREN have a passion for scribbling in their school books, and as the practice does not add to the beauty of the volumes, the trouble has been met half way by a publisher who issues books having silica slates attached to the inside covers.

AN enterprising firm in London lately paid 6000 rupees for the privilege of collecting the hair shorn from the heads of pilgrims at the Magh Mela, at Allahabad, and the whole capillary harvest has been shipped off to London, to be made into chignons.

A NEW work-box of Vienna manufacture is a pot containing a small rose-bush. The pot is of Russia leather, and the roses on the bush of muslin nicely perfumed. By pressing a spring the bush flies back, and underneath is seen a fine array of sewing implements.

A MAN in Nevada recently, while walking with his brother, to attend the latter's wedding, was astonished by a proposition to take the bride elect off his hands and marry her in his stead. With true good nature he consented, and the prospective bridegroom and groomsman changed places, to the satisfaction of all persons concerned.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Smithsonian Institution who has spent considerable time in investigation of the subject, in answer to a remark by Professor Henry, that "the immense water power at Niagara may, in the progress of practical science, be applied to the purposes of industry," states that by the "last census there are 52,017 water-wheels in operation in American manufacturing establishments, giving a power of 1,130,416 horses, while Niagara Falls gives a power of 11,363,036 horses."

SOMEBODY has been summing up the fate of kings and emperors as follows: Out of two thousand five hundred and forty emperors or kings, over sixty-four nations, two hundred and ninety-nine were dethroned, sixty-four abdicated, twenty committed suicide, eleven went mad, one hundred died on the battle-field, one hundred and fifty-three were made prisoners, twenty-five were pronounced martyrs and saints, one hundred and fifty-one were assassinated, sixty-two were poisoned, and one hundred and eight were sentenced to death. Total, nine hundred and sixty-three.

A COMPANY has been formed in London "to supply a want which had long been felt by the provision of horses and carriages of elegant construction and appropriateness, with such symbolical adornments as were calculated to deprive the surroundings of death of their ghastly and repulsive features, and to assist in the inspiration of bright hopes and elevating thoughts of the future." Those who have gazed upon the sad and melancholy features of corpses, must confess that the dead have long felt the want of some such cheerful symbolical adornments as proposed by this London company. After a while, as civilization advances, there will be more real pleasure in going to your own funeral than in attending a picnic.

FLOWERS AND FERNS.—Nothing beautifies a room more sensibly than a few plants or flowers tastefully arranged. In summer flowers are always available, and in winter their place may be agreeably supplied by sprigs of evergreen, dried grasses, or immortelles. A few creeping plants or ivy can be obtained at any time during cold weather, and a few twigs of these brought into use whenever required. Those who keep house plants always have the materials at hand for table decoration, and they should be used liberally and constantly, varying the arrangements as often and as widely as possible. A charming house ornament is supplied by a fern case, which may be constructed quite cheaply, while the plants required, being indigenous to our woods and meadows, can be easily collected; so that the pleasure of having a case well filled with finely grown plants can be enjoyed by those who do not wish to expend largely for this purpose.

NAMES OF COUNTRIES.—Europe signifies a country of white complexion; so named because the inhabitants there were of lighter complexion than those of either Asia or Africa. Africa signifies the land of corn, or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all kinds of grain. Spain, a country of rabbits, or conies. This country was once so infested with these animals that the inhabitants petitioned Augustus for an army to destroy them. Italy, a country of pitch; from its yielding great quantities of black pitch. Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired; as yellow hair characterized its first inhabitants. Hibernia, as utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this, westward, Phœnicians, we are told, never extended their voyages. Britain, the country of tin, as there were great quantities of lead and tin found on the adjacent island. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician's tongue either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

THOUGH some time may have elapsed before the egg which appears on the breakfast-table of the citizen was, indeed, new-laid, a conviction that it is, at all events, in the proper condition of arrested development is essential to his enduring its presence at all. A certain mustiness he may possibly condone, but the discovery of an "advanced" egg would make him forswear the delicacy forever. A French traveler in China, however, recommends the Chinese system of cooking eggs when they have undergone a part of the process of incubation. He introduces the *gourmand* to a new sensation, nay, to a series of new sensations, since the taste of the egg varies according to the length or the period during which it has been hatched. It appears, in fact, that if the process of incubation is suddenly suspended, and the egg cooked before the immature inmate had ceased to live, the usually revolting adjuncts of a bad egg are not produced. It is, however, most probable, that like the puppies, rats and sea-mice, which supply the Chinese with their choicest *entrees*, hatched eggs will not soon find their way to our tables.

THE BRIDAL OF THE ROSE.

I.

Fanned by delicious odors from the south,
And crowned with light, the lovely rosebud grew;
A sunbeam came and kissed her ruddy mouth,
Chasing away the diamond drops of dew;
She hung her head wherein a wreath of green
Meekly adorned her fair and faultless face;
The kingly sunbeam hailed her for his queen,
And feasted on the banquet of her grace;
All day his kisses pressed her fragrant mouth,
While round them sang the birds unceasingly;
All day the winds were blowing from the south,
And lilies murmured underneath the tree;
No clouds obscured her lover from her view,
The sky above was one broad dome of blue.

II.

The butterflies, with gorgeous silken wings,
Came near the rose upon her bridal morn;
The music of a thousand mystic things,
Like wedding bells, upon the air was borne.
A white convolvulus had climbed the tree,
And close it pressed behind the blushing bride;
Around them gaily hummed the velvet bee.
On opening buds that bloomed on every side;
A veil of splendor o'er the rose was thrown,
The linnet sang "The bridal hour hath come;"
And so the sunbeam made the rose his own,
And late, immortal love, made glad their home;
Her ruby leaves unclosed for very bliss,
And heavenward lifted up her face to his.

TAKEN IN;

OR,

THE WIDOW BARLOW.

BY MARY DALLAS.

Peter Buskirk was very found of money, not so fond that he quite starved himself to keep it, or hid it up chimney, or refused himself fire, or lights, or a pillow. But, yet, so very fond of it as to be on the very verge of miserhood without having quite fallen over.

Beggars reaped no harvest from his purse or kitchen; and match-makers could make no impression on his bachelor heart. The men wanted to rob him, the women to marry him. The last was the worst. Not that Peter hated women—on the contrary, even at fifty he was remarkably susceptible; a bright eye put him in a flutter. But the fact was, women, as wives or daughters, were expensive. They were proverbially extravagant. Should he marry one, she would spend his money while he lived, and squander it after he was dead. And, with this awful terror before him, Peter steered clear of the shoals of matrimony.

Two or three times indeed had he stood upon the verge of a tender passion. But each time some display of extravagance had frightened him back into his shell. Once it was an ostrich feather in a blue bonnet. Another time the sight of his fair one eating ices. The third, the sudden assumption of voluminous crinoline. In fact, since hoops had become the rage, Peter had more utterly abjured matrimony than ever. What must a woman's dress cost so distended, Peter dared not think. He saw those bellounce robes which so horrified him very frequently; not only in the street, but at sundry parties to which he was invited, and which he always made a point of attending, because they saved him a meal. There they spread before his eyes, and strengthened his resolution to live and die a bachelor.

There was one inconvenience in this bachelorhood, however. That was the housekeeping; for it involved a servant—some one to make beds, wash dishes, cook and iron. In short, the servant-of-all-work was always the bane of Peter's life,—eating and drinking in a manner which kept the master of the house in a continual ferment; wasting butter and fuel, and each change in the kitchen's encumbrance being followed by the mysterious disappearance of towels and napkins, and such small ware. In despair, he flew to a certain Mrs. Brown, the giver of parties innumerable, to ask advice.

He told his woes, his terrors, and his anxieties; the lady shook her head.

"Servants are sad plagues," she said.

"Eat you out of house and home," said Peter.

"Not to be relied on for honesty," said Mrs. Brown.

"Thieves, ma'am, thieves," said Peter.

"Ah," said Mrs. Brown, "a gentleman has no time to watch them. Now *I* should advise *marrying*, Mr. Buskirk."

"Marrying!"

"Yes, sir—a wife can manage such things so much better. Besides, if you choose a smart capable woman, she will keep an eye on the servant. It would be much more economical to marry."

"Economical!" yelled Peter, "my good lady. Eco—I—oh, goodness! Feathers and flowers, laces and silks, and rings and—and ice-cream and things—*economical*. How many yards do you take for a dress, ma'am?"

"Well, sir, twelve or fifteen—sometimes when it's a silk, you know, eighteen."

"Eighteen yards, at three dollars or so a yard, and not one dress, but twenty. My good lady, it would be enough to ruin a man!"

Mrs. Brown reflected.

"But if you could find an economical woman, Mr. Buskirk."

"Ah! if I could find a mermaid."

"One who never wasted a cent."

"She does not exist, ma'am."

"Who lives on next to nothing. The fact is, Mr. Buskirk, I have such a lady in my eye. She's a widow—quite a young one—Mrs. Barlow, and I'll have her at my house next week."

Peter Buskirk grinned sarcastically.

"Economy in hoops and bonnets," he said to himself. "They want to marry me and spend my money."

And he went home wroth.

However, economy forbade him to refuse an invitation to dinner; and when, a week after, Mrs. Brown sent "her compliments," etc., etc., Mr. Buskirk donned his Sunday suit and went over at five precisely. The parlor was full of ladies; ladies in silks and muslins, with crinoline and flounces. Most of them Mr. Buskirk knew well, and looked about in vain for a stranger. Mrs. Brown's note had said:

"Mrs. Barlow will be with us."

But which was that economical widow? Probably the lady in green silk near the piano. He could not remember her face.

Suddenly Mr. Buskirk's doubts were set at rest. Mrs. Brown ejaculated: "Dear me, where is cousin Betsy? Mr. Buskirk, you must be introduced to Mrs. Barlow;" and at these words something small and flat emerged from between two portly dames, and stood before him. It was a very short and slender little woman, with a remarkably pretty face. She wore no hoops, and her dress cleared her ankles. The sleeves were close, and the skirt had perhaps three breadths in it. The dress itself was of very plain brown merino, and she wore neither brooch nor bow, only a white linen collar. Peter looked approval. Several of the ladies exchanged glances, and a faint giggle was heard; and, as though by common consent, the two were left tete-a-tete in a corner.

"Pleasant day," said Peter to commence the conversation. "Pleasant day, but cold."

"Ah, yes; but I dislike cold weather," said the lady.

"Don't agree with you, ma'am?"

"Oh, that's not it. I am never ill; but cold weather is so expensive. Lights early, and coal's dear," proceeded the lady. "Money slips through one's fingers; and I never waste things."

"My case exactly," said Buskirk. "It's astonishing how things cost. Now, there is butter—say a pound every two weeks."

"Oh, I never eat butter—it costs too much," said the lady.

"Ah! and sugar and tea and coffee."

"If you indulge in such luxuries, what can you expect?" said Mrs Barlow.

"They are artificial wants altogether, so they are," said Mr. Buskirk. "But then, habit is second nature."

"Extravagant habits ruin many," said Mrs. Barlow. "Oh! I shudder when I look at those flounces. Such a waste of material."

"I've often thought so," said Peter. "And you don't wear them?"

"*I*," said Mrs. Barlow. "I have my senses, sir. I've had this dress ten years."

"Indeed!" said Peter. "And I suppose some ladies buy one every ten months."

"Every ten days," said Mrs. Barlow. "Oh, I blush for my sex, Mr. Buskirk, I do, indeed!"

Peter was charmed. He began to think Mrs. Brown right. The cost of such a wife would be a mere trifle, and what an eye she would keep to the expenses of a household. Besides, she was pretty and young—a prize if ever there was one.

Ere the evening was over he had decided that it would be cheaper to marry than to remain single, were Mrs. Barlow his helpmate.

So, after due consideration, Peter resolved to court the economical widow, and that lady being conveniently domiciled at Mrs. Brown's he found every opportunity.

It was a very inexpressive courtship. He gave her not a present. She expected none. He took her nowhere save to church, where neither of them ever saw the plate, and both were happy.

At last he proposed. She blushed and hesitated, and begged time to consider. At last she said:—"I am afraid to say yes, Mr. Buskirk. I like you; but you are so terribly extravagant. You drink tea and coffee, and eat butter, and really I should fear coming to want, I should, indeed!"

"I! Why, I'm the most economical soul living," said Peter.

"Extravagant people always think that," said the lady. "No, I'm afraid to say yes, unless, indeed, you were to make your property over to me, so that I could be sure you would not ruin yourself. Of course that is impossible, and it would be such a care that really I could scarcely desire it, even for a gentleman I so much respect."

And the economical relict blushed and hesitated.

It was Peter's turn to pause and consider.

"My money would be safer in your hands than mine," he said. "Marry me, and keep me from being ruined!"

What the widow's answer was may be judged from the fact that three weeks from that day they were united, the bride wearing her brown merino, in the pocket of which she carefully deposited the deeds which made the property exclusively her own.

"Now for happiness," said Peter. "No more thieving servants—no more waste—and a lovely wife into the bargain. He, he, he! Peter Buskirk is the man for luck."

And he took his wife home to dine on cold meat and radishes, being absolutely ashamed even to speak of his accustomed mutton chop before so economical a lady.

The next morning he hurried off to business.

"Never waste time, love," said the newly-married dame. "Besides, I've a great deal to attend to; so—good-bye."

"Good-bye," responded Peter. "What a treasure you are, my dear. The washing, I suppose? My mother always washed on Monday."

And away he went, content with himself and all the world.

At six he returned. Horror of horrors! there were ladders against his house, and men upon them. Had there been a fire? He rushed up breathless.

"What is the matter? Who are these men?" he panted. "Fire! thieves! Oh! I must be dreaming."

"Don't make a noise, love," said a voice from the parlor window. "They're only the house-painters."

"House—painters!"

"Yes, dear. Don't you know the Dutch proverb, 'A coat of paint pays itself?'"

Peter breathed again.

"But the awful expense!" he said. "Dear, dear, you should have consulted me."

He stumbled into the house, and over the form of a man kneeling in the hall.

"Who are you?" he said.

In reply, the person produced a card, on which was printed,

"GILT AND BINDER—UPHOLSTERERS."

"And what are you doing?" gasped Peter.

"Measuring the hall for a new oil-cloth, sir," said the man.

Peter staggered on.

A woman was making up a carpet in the front parlor—another was arranging curtains.

He rushed up stairs.

There sat another woman, also at work.

Again he gasped the question, "Who are you?"

"Mrs. Buskirk's regular seamstress, please, sir," said the woman.

"And where is Mrs. Buskirk?"

"Here, love," said a voice.

And there entered, from an adjoining room, a lady dressed in silk, and in expansive crinoline, with bracelets, brooch, ear-rings, and a little lace cap worth a small fortune.

"The furniture is ordered, and the painters are here, and I've engaged all the servants, Mr. Buskirk," said the lady; "and cook wants to know whether you like beef under or well done. In such things you shall have your choice always. There was no time to make a pudding to-day, so we must have ices. Strawberries, too, are only fifty cents a basket."

"Mrs. Buskirk, have you gone crazy?" said Peter; "or am I dreaming?"

"I'm wide awake, at all events," cried the lady. "I've starved long enough, and worn that brown merino until I hate it. I always was fond of dress——"

"Fond of dress!" repeated Peter, "and loved good things!"

"Loved good things," repeated the spouse; "and now I'm married I mean to have them."

"But if—I had—known—I——" began Peter.

"Wouldn't have married me, I suppose," said the bride. "Well, my cousin, Mrs. Brown, told me that, you know."

Peter looked at her. The truth was plain at last. He tried to speak, but could not. He stared at his lady for five minutes, by the clock, and then rushed out of the house, muttering "Taken in! taken in!"

It is said Peter Buskirk never recovered the shock. Against his will he lived luxuriously ever after; and his wife astonished the neighborhood by her magnificent attire and grand parties. But nevertheless Peter himself expired in less than a year; and the last words on his lips were said to be "Taken in! taken in!"

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 37. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A CLUE.

Ernest Dormer saw the man who had uttered Teresa Sclavoni's name walk away from the throng and skirt the edge of the crowd at the railings, staring about him and muttering in a wild, dreamy way to himself. He did not look particularly mad—only a little eccentric; but Ernest felt sure he was a lunatic and watched him intently.

"How odd that name of all others should be upon his lips," he thought to himself. "If I had not positive proof of the man I once went hunting for being dead, I should have thought—— Bah! I am a fool! In my eagerness to penetrate the secret of this Teresa, I fancy all sorts of things. 'The thief doth fear each bush an officer,' Shakespeare says, and I make every molehill of suspicion into a mountain of fact. He may be only some one who has seen that advertisement."

He was more surprised than ever when he saw the strange man walk up to Anthony Colliver and touch him on the shoulder. He was close enough now to hear what he said, and to see the wild start of astonishment the old man gave.

"You," he exclaimed, "here!"

"I might exclaim as much as you," the other replied; "but I got over my surprise at the sight of you weeks ago. I've seen you a score of times, and knew you in a moment. What are you doing in London?"

"Looking for my brother."

"Never knew you had one."

"I daresay not; I did not proclaim the fact to all the world. I have or had one, if he is alive, of which fact I have my doubts, and I want to find him. What brings you here?"

A name was on his lips, but the other stopped him.

"No names," he said. "I have been told that name does not belong to me. I have been shut up in a madhouse, and told that I was somebody else. I have been beaten, starved, chained for using the name I inherited from my father; so don't speak it, lest the birds of the air carry it to her, and they catch me again."

"Are you sure that you are not a little mad now?" Anthony Colliver said, grimly. "I don't quite know what you are talking about. What has brought you to England?"

"I came to seek her."

"Teresa?"

"Yes."

"The deuce you did. I should have thought you had had enough of her, the yellow-haired demon."

"Enough—yes, in one way; but I want more to satisfy me."

"May heaven help her when you find her!"

"Amen to that prayer, John Harpington."

"That's not my name here. It served my turn out yonder, but I'll take my own here. I'm Anthony Colliver now, and for the future, if you please."

It was the stranger's turn to look astonished now, and he did. His sallow face turned almost ghastly, and the light died out of his eyes.

"Is—is Jabez Colliver, of Marling Manor, the brother you are looking for?" he asked, in a gasping sort of voice.

"Yes. Why?"

"Give it up; you'll never find him."

"I will, dead or alive. What makes you say that—you who are looking for some one yourself? Am I not as likely to succeed in my search as you are in yours?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because you have no clue. I have. I know where to put my hand on Teresa Sclavoni when I choose to stretch it out. You must help me."

"Not I; find her for yourself. I warned the silly young fool she lured to his death as solemnly as I could, for his father's sake. When he went his own way, I washed my hands of the whole wretched business; and when I heard that he had paid with his life for his folly I was not surprised. If I were to advise you, I should say let her go. You will rue the day you ever see her again."

"I have seen her, and I have rued it," said the man, gloomily; and Ernest Dormer made a step forward to speak to him.

"There has been some juggling here," he said to himself. "It is the man, and he is alive."

He stopped short, all attention, for the man spoke again.

"I have passed through much since I saw you at Tampico," he said. "I owe you something for the kind words you spoke to me there. Had I known you were my old friend's brother, I should have confided in you more fully. I'll do you a good turn now. Would you like to find your brother?"

"Would I like to find him? I am spending my life to no other end. Can you help me?"

A wild glitter came into the haggard-looking eyes of the strange man as he replied, slowly—

"I can."

"Where is he? Tell me, for heaven's sake! Is he alive?"

"Some people take a great deal of killing," was the odd reply. "They couldn't kill me, though they tried. You go to Limehouse, Anthony Colliver, and——"

He was stopped by Anthony Colliver rising suddenly and pointing straight forward to the drive. Something he saw there put even his search for his brother out of his head for the moment, and he clutched his companion's arm with a nervous grip. A beautifully-appointed pony carriage was passing by with two ladies in it. The silver-mounted harness glittered in the sun, and the sleek coats of the ponies shone with a gloss that spoke of perfect grooming, and only sufficient work to keep them in health. A mounted groom rode beside the carriage, and a tiny tiger sat perched on the seat behind his mistress, ready to jump down and obey her slightest behest.

"Look there!" the old man said. "Am I mad, or dreaming. Do you see?"

"See what?"

"That carriage there with the dun ponies. Look—look!"

"Yes, I see it."

"Who is that woman—the young one? Surely you do not see her."

"Yes, I see her. That is Miss Doris Carlyon, almost the richest heiress in London, the *belle* of the season, who for some inexplicable reason or other remains single. She's a beauty, isn't she? and so good! Oh, it is a privilege to be acquainted with Miss Doris Carlyon. Let go my hand—let me go, I say! We will talk together another time. They will catch me if I stay here!"

He wrenched himself free from the old man's detaining hand, and was gone before Anthony Colliver had recovered from his amazement, pushing the people near them right and left in a passion of vague terror, as it seemed.

He had cause to be frightened, apparently, for he was scarcely out of sight before two men came up.

"Where did he come from, sir? Which way did he go?" they asked, in a breath.

"I can't tell you either," he said. "I wish you'd catch him for me, my good people. He was just on the point of giving me some very valuable information."

"Was he, now, sir?" one of them said, with a curious twinkle in his eyes. "He's often doing that, he is."

"Is he mad, then? I fancied he was a little queer."

"Mad as a March hare, sir. There never wasn't anybody ever madder in this world. Don't you believe anything he says."

"Are you pursuing him?"

"Well not exactly—he ain't of much account in the world now. Not but what we would have caught him and taken him home safe, if we could have got him."

"Mad!" murmured Anthony Colliver to himself. "Poor fellow; it is not much wonder. I shan't go to Limehouse—at any rate, till I have been to France. I think I shall get the clue there."

Doris Carlyon, in her pretty carriage, caught sight of the face of Anthony Colliver, and a puzzled look came over her features. His face seemed familiar to her somehow. While she was trying to recall where she had seen him, she saw her cousin standing by the railings, and beckoned to him.

"Who is that old man staring at me?" she asked.

"That is the man who is such an incubus to the Onslows just now," he said. "Jabez Colliver's brother."

"Is that the man? Then that accounts for my thinking I had seen him before. He resembles his brother, and, of course, his face seemed familiar to me."

"I heard him called by another name just now," Ernest Dormer said; "but it was only by an escaped lunatic, so perhaps that's nothing."

"Another name?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"John Harpington. You are awfully pale, Doris. Are you ill?"

"I am a little cold, I think," she said, with a shiver. "What is it the old women say when you get a chill? 'There's some one walking over your grave.' Some one must be dancing on mine, I think. I feel sick with cold. So that's Mr. Colliver, is it? I hope Mr. Onslow enjoys being worried by him. He looks like a determined old fellow."

"He won't worry any one for a little while. He is off to France to seek his brother. He has found some clue, I think."

"Has he?" asked Doris, rather absently. She didn't feel very much interested in the search after Jabez Colliver.

"He's an odd fellow," Ernest went on, with his hand on the side of the carriage. "I heard him talking about another missing person just now."

"Who?"

"The woman about whom I once read an advertisement at Kingcolm Grange—Teresa Sclavoni."

"I remember. How very disagreeable it must be to be roving about the world seeking for people one can't find. Who was he talking to—you?"

"No; to a man who seems to be an escaped lunatic—the said Teresa's husband, I fancy."

"A good many people must be walking over my grave," Doris said, her lips quite white and her teeth chattering. "I must have caught a chill. I'll get home, I think. Have you had enough of the drive for to-day, auntie, dear?"

"Quite enough," said Mrs. Bellew, meekly.

And they drove off with a parting salutation to Ernest Dormer, who strode homeward in gloomy abstraction.

"What will become of this Teresa when they catch her?" he asked himself. "Will they hang her? Ugh! It's horrible to think of! I wish I had never had any curiosity about her. I had better have shut my eyes to everything, and let her and her wickedness alone."

Three days from the time when he had met the madman in the park, Anthony Colliver reached the little village in Languedoc, where the self-exiled Mr. Onslow had died. Despite his intention of going to Limehouse no more, the madman's words had made an impression on him, and he presented himself at the police office again, only to hear what he had heard before, and to receive no further information whatever.

They told him about the madman who had so frightened Muriel Onslow, and of his wild words; but as Jabez Colliver had not only been seen but spoken to on the morning of his departure, they counted for nothing. "When I come back from France, I'll get into the house, if I have to break in," he said; "but I think I shall find the clue there."

"It looks very like it," the superintendent said, who had heard the whole story; "and I wish you every success, I am sure."

Anthony Colliver went to Paris first and possessed himself of the note, then straight to the house of Father Alphonse Lemaitre. The priest was very willing to tell all he knew. Mr. Onslow was quite right, he said, the note came from him. He had been very good. A blessing would surely go with his wealth, since he had remembered the poor so liberally with it.

"I hardly know why I have come to see you about it at all," Anthony said to the kindly priest; "but I have a feeling very strong that somehow or other this note will help me to trace my brother. Mr. Onslow was perfectly frank and open with me about it. He says he had it from him, and that he had many from him at different times not endorsed."

"I think Mr. Onslow mistakes," Father Lemaitre said. "Doubtless so much money passes through his hand that he does not well remember each note he gets. I know where that one came from."

"Where?"

"Not from your brother, sir. It was part of the legacy so strangely left him by his cousin."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly. I was present when the discovery was made; and a wonderful discovery it was. Notes and jewels and *roulleaux* of gold enough to turn any one's brain were all stuffed into a paltry little box underneath a heap of old clothes."

"And this note was one of them?"

"Yes. I was struck with the singularity of there being so much English money amongst it. I could swear to it anywhere. That note, number five thousand five hundred and fifty-five, was one of those Jasper Onslow took out of his dead cousin's box in my presence."

Mr. Colliver was very silent for a little while, then he crushed the note into his pocket-book, and thanked Father Lemaitre for his information.

"I need seek no further in France," he said, gravely.

"My brother is not here. I don't think my feeling about this note was wrong. It has given me the clue I wanted, after all."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE EDGE OF THE STORM.

But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmeaning finger at.
—*Shakespeare.*

Ernest Dormer received a note from Anthony Colliver, after he had been away about a week, asking him to meet him at London-bridge station on his return to England.

"I hope you will excuse my troubling you," he wrote; "but I know you are interested in my search, and there are reasons why I cannot apply to Mr. Onslow in the matter. I have obtained a clue to my brother's fate, which I must follow up with all speed; for, to tell the truth, I fear that my strength or energy, or both, will not hold out much longer. I seem to have overtaxed myself lately, and feel thoroughly dizzy and stupid. If you will kindly do me this service I shall know how to repay it some time."

"What's in the wind now?" thought Ernest. "Has he really got any clue, I wonder? I'll go and meet him, poor old fellow."

He went, and Cuthbert Winstanley, who was staying in London, went with him. They waited for the tidal train with some anxiety, but no Anthony Colliver appeared.

"He hasn't come," said Cuthbert. "We've had our journey to this unpleasant locality for nothing. What's up, I wonder, Dormer?

They were turning away, when a porter came up to them.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," he said, "were you looking for any one?"

"Hardly; we came to meet some one who hasn't come. Why?"

"Because there's an old gent here as isn't owned, and can't give much account of himself. We were going to take him along to Guy's."

"Where is he, and what's the matter with him?"

"The guard's got him, sir, and it's fever; but there was a doctor in the train said it wasn't catching. I think he's mad, myself."

It was, indeed, Anthony Colliver, very light-headed, and talking wildly, but quiet and manageable enough.

"I'll take him home," Ernest said. "I expected to find him ill, but not nearly so bad as this. Poor old fellow, he has quite broken down."

They took him home, and made arrangements for his careful nursing—an easy thing when money is plentiful; and for weeks Anthony Colliver lay helpless and prostrate, and unable to do anything to discover the secret of his brother's fate.

Ernest Dormer was very kind to him, visiting him frequently, and keeping him *au fait* to all that was going on.

For some time the doctors who saw him appeared to doubt very much whether he would ever get up again; his illness took firm hold of him, and brought him to death's door. He had caught cold on his hurried journey and neglected himself, and this, combined with the worry and excitement, had brought him very low. He himself declared even at the worst that he should not die.

"I shall be spared to see the end of it," he would say. "I shall know my brother's fate before I die."

One odd phase of his new state was that he appeared to be in no hurry now. The only thing he seemed anxious about was to be kept posted up in all the movements of Jasper Onslow and his wife. He was anxious lest they should leave town and he know nothing of it; but rested quite content when he was told there seemed no probability of such an event.

Jasper on his part felt the continued illness of the old man rather a relief than otherwise. His importunity had grown somewhat unpleasant. But, truth to tell, his mad passion for Doris Carlyon, and his fatal yielding to her evil fascinations, were fast absorbing every other feeling in his heart, and things of more apparent significance than Anthony Colliver's presence in London passed by him unnoticed.

There was no need now for any gossiping tongues to whisper to Muriel where her husband spent his time. She knew it only too well. The scandal had become a flagrant and a patent one; and though no tongue had as yet dared to attribute open shame to the beautiful heiress, it was one of those liasions about which the world talks glibly enough, but about which nothing definite can be proved.

Doris Carlyon by her arts and her wiles, had drawn Jasper Onslow to the madness of proposing an elopement with her; but the world knew nothing of this, and Muriel heard it only from the lips of the temptress herself.

Jasper Onslow paying Doris a visit one day found her in tears, declaring that she would leave London, shut herself up, go into a convent if they would have her, and be seen no more. She had heard (for the first time she declared), what the gossips said, were saying, and it was breaking her heart. Jasper must come there no more.

"Come here no more," he repeated. "Would you break my heart, Doris?"

And then he prostrated himself at her feet, like the abject thing he was, and implored her to take pity on him and fly with him. She should not have an ungratified wish; she should live as princes never lived before, if she would only be his. They would go far away from cold, heartless England, to Italy, France, India, where she would, if she would only go, live such a life of poetry and romance as never was heard of, out of a fairy tale.

And Doris Carlyon listened, and neither laughed nor sneered this time. She would not consent, but she did not refuse. She temporized, and bade him think of his wife, and his duty to her, and let her white jewelled hand stray through his curly hair while she talked to him, and her dark eyes looked straight into his with all the melting tenderness of which they were capable.

And Jasper did think of his wife and began to hate her and wish she was dead while he was in the presence of this Circe, though he had his repentant moments when he was out of her sight.

Her spells were too potent for him, and the climax came at last. Doris gave a ball to which a somewhat insolently-worded invitation was sent to Muriel.

She had not seen or spoken to Doris Carlyon for weeks, and indignantly refused to go.

"If you have a grain of respect left for your wife, you will not go, Jasper," she said sadly.

"Why not? Am I to stay away from the pleasantest house in London because of your absurd jealousy?" he retorted.

"Why not? Is it not enough that the tongue of every scandal monger is wagging at our expense—that I am pointed out as a weak fool that cannot keep my husband's love; and you are spoken of as a feeble-minded idiot, whom prosperity has suddenly driven mad? Take care, Jasper Onslow, do not try my love too far."

Jasper had no reply, save the usual one of a husband who has no excuse to offer to his wife. He called Muriel a jealous fool, and went to the party.

It was a pleasant one. Doris Carlyon knew well how to make her house attractive, and "the lamps shone on fair women and brave men," in her prettily lighted rooms, and no tongue dared to wag in her dishonor, even though the man the world declared was her lover was by her side.

And Muriel sat alone with her children, bending over their little cots as they slept, and weeping such bitter tears as only outraged, insulted wives and mothers can weep.

"The pleasantest house in London!" she murmured to herself, as she watched the day dawn, cold, and chill, and gray, and caught sight of her own haggard face in the glass. "And her presence makes it so—and he is basking in that presence now. The viper! the spotted snake! Perhaps she is even now whirling in his arms; perhaps—— Bah! I must not think of it! It sickens me!—it maddens me!"

It was pitiful to see the wearing agony of her face, and the one or two servants who waited up for their master, and heard her wandering from room to room, pitied her from their hearts as they thought of her loneliness.

At last her restlessness grew unendurable, and she went down into the hall. The porter was fast asleep in his chair, and she passed him and slipped back the bolts of the great front door, pulling it wide open, and looking into the dim, cheerless street.

Two men strolling along arm in arm paused a moment at the sound of the opening door, and then came forward in amazement. They were Ernest Dormer and Cuthbert Winstanley, strolling home in the quiet of the morning from the party at the house of Doris Carlyon.

"My dear Mrs. Onslow," Ernest said, startled at her strange appearance, "is anything the matter?"

He might well ask, for she looked pale and haggard to a degree, and her dress, a rich silk, which she had put on for dinner, was all crushed and tumbled. Her hair had partially fallen down, and there were dark circles under her eyes, as though from long watching.

"Are you ill?" he asked, again. "Do you want help?"

"No; no one can help me," she said, wearily. "There is nothing the matter, Mr. Dormer. We are quite well, my children and I. Better we were not; better we were sick unto death, going down into our graves without seeing the light of another day."

"Hush!" he said, gently. "Let me come in; we cannot talk here. I'll, say good morning to you, Cuth; perhaps I may be of use to Mrs. Onslow, if she will admit me; she is frightened at being alone, I think."

"She's going mad with jealousy, I think," Mr. Winstanley thought to himself, as he walked on, and he was not far wrong.—Muriel's mind was in that state that it needed but the weight of a snowflake to decide the balance.

"Come in here," she said, drawing him into a little parlor by the front door. "I want to speak to you. It is daylight," she added, bitterly, thrusting back the closed shutters and drawing up the blind, "so we can't be accused of much impropriety in being here."

"No one ever couples your name with impropriety," he replied, gently. "What can I do for you? I am sure you are in trouble."

"Trouble! Aye, the heaviest. You have been at her house—the woman's who is stealing my husband's love, and my life and reason with it?"

"I have been at my cousin's house," he replied, hardly knowing what to say.

"And you left him there?"

"I did."

"It would have been a friendly act to bring him away."

"I could hardly do that," said Ernest, his heart full of pity, as he thought how he had left Jasper enjoying himself.

Doris and he had been to all appearance utterly reckless of the world's opinion all the evening, and Ernest had only left him after entreating him in vain to come home to Muriel, whose absence he was sure was not caused by the illness from which she was said to be suffering.

Very tenderly and gently he tried to soothe her, for he saw what a tempest was raging in her heart; but she was past consolation now. The weary watching the long night through had made her frantic, and she resisted every attempt he made to console her. In vain he tried to persuade her that Jasper was not faithless to her; that his intimacy with Doris was only such as society sanctioned. She would not listen.

"Don't talk to me about it!" she said, wildly. "It makes me sick. The very servants in the house mock me with their pity, and whisper among themselves of their master's unfaithfulness and my misery.—They see him come home to me, fresh from her caressing arms, and pity me! Pity me, their mistress, whom less than half a year ago they envied for the happiest woman in all the world."

"It grieves me to see you so, dear Mrs. Onslow," Earnest said, really fearing for her reason. "Let me persuade you to ring for your maid and get to bed. Depend upon it you will feel differently when you have rested."

"Rested! Ha! ha! There is no rest for me now," she answered, wildly. "There is not much rest for a wife in the first wild grief of doubting her husband's love. That I should live to doubt my husband! Mr. Dormer, but for my children I should kill myself or him."

"Hush! hush!" he said, gently. "Don't talk so. Hope for better things."

"Hope!" she said, with a bitter laugh. "Hope to win my husband back from her! To doubt whether he is my Jasper or Doris Carlyon's! Hope! When I know that in the self-same tone in which he speaks endearingly to me that he talks of love to her—that he folds me in the arms that have embraced her; that when he touches my lips he'll pause and think which of the two is sweeter. Don't talk to me of hope.—There is no hope in such black despair as mine."

He could do nothing with her; but woke the drowsy porter, and told him to get Mrs. Onslow's maid called and sent to her, and then he turned his steps backwards to his cousin's, to persuade Jasper, if he were still there, to return home at once.

But the servant who opened the door told him that his mistress had retired to her room, and that all the guests had left, so he went home easier in his mind, feeling sure that Jasper had gone home.

(To be continued in our next.)

AT EVENTIDE.

BY F. P. A.

At eventide, when woods grow gray,
And sheep are in the fold,
And sunset long has died away
'Mid clouds of red and gold—
When o'er the moonlit mountain side
The dusky shadows lie,
My thoughts speed back to other scenes
And days long since gone by.

And when the chimes ring softly out
From yonder village tower,
And faint, sweet odors mark the spot
Where blooms the garden bower—
When owls hoot o'er the ruined keep,
And bats flit idly by,
And floods of silvery light are shed
Across the spangled sky—

When sleep has hushed the restless world,
And through the soft, sweet night
Freed spirits spread their wings and soar
To far-off fields of light—
Then Memory, faithful to her trust,
Wakes with a yearning cry,
For all that made Life seem so sweet
In the days long since gone by!

UNTO DEATH.

BY LAWRENCE GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

"Unless you can feel, when left by one,
That all men else go with him."

"And you are sure, dearest Kate, that you will not grow weary during the long years that must go by, before I can claim this dear hand that now rests so lovingly in mine?" said Edward Melville to her who had promised to be his wife.

"Do not expect too much of me, Edward. I am afraid I cannot promise to be patient while the years are stealing all my youth, and all the freshness of my feelings."

"Perhaps, then, you will repent a pledge which must be so tardily redeemed."

"You know me too well to believe what you say, dear Edward; but I would like to see you content with your present prospect of success, and even at the risk of seeming unmaidenly in my wishes, I must tell you, that a mere competency with you, would be all that I should ask to insure my happiness. Wealth will be dearly purchased by all the anxiety of a long absence. Yet since you think it essential to your happiness, I do not oppose your wishes. Go, and remember, that whether your efforts are crowned with success, or your hopes crushed by misfortune, this hand is yours whenever you claim my pledge."

"My own darling," he cried, as he tenderly embraced her. "I will struggle hard to repay all your dear love for me. Your promise will be my only solace in my exile, and the future will some day amply repay us for all the sorrow we feel for these few years of absence."

Catharine Dinmore was the child of one of those gifted but unfortunate persons, who seem born to ill-luck. Her father's whole life had been a series of mistakes. He had left college in a fit of pique, just as he was fully prepared to receive those high honors which might have been of great service to him in his after life. He abandoned a profession in which a little perseverance would have made him eminently successful, and in the very lowest ebb of his fortunes he married a proud and penniless daughter of a decayed family, who brought him a dowry of poor relations; and finally he wasted his really fine talents, which, if properly exerted, would have brought him at least the comforts of life, upon schemes and projects which were as idle as Alnaschar's dream. The only thing which ever had the power to draw his thoughts from his unreal fancies, was his love for his beautiful daughter. He had instructed her in all that forms the true foundation of learning; and no expense had been spared in the acquisition of those accomplishments which add so great a charm to a lady's society. Catharine was a gifted as well as a graceful woman; a creature worthy to be loved and cherished by some noble heart. Her life had never been a very happy one, for from her earliest childhood, her mother's wayward indolence, and her father's total want of worldly wisdom, had produced a want of system in their household, the discomforts of which Catharine felt long before she was capable of understanding or remedying the evil. Leading a very secluded life, she had no opportunities whatever for indulging in any of the gaieties so natural to her age. Conscious of the beauty which her own innate perception of lovely things enabled her to see in her own sweet face, and perhaps displaying a trace of girlish vanity in the precision with which her dress was always adapted to the proportions of her fine and stately figure, she was yet untainted by any personal vanity; she adorned herself even as she improved her mind, rather for the gratification of her own elegant taste, than with the wish to attract the admiration of others. Among the various pursuits that Mr. Dinmore's talents led him to adopt, as a means of subsistence, and that in which he was most successful, was the instruction of youth. The number of his pupils was limited to a few youths of matured and developed minds, who sought him to acquire aid in the higher branches of study.

Among these, Edward Melville had ever been the most distinguished as a favorite of the singular old man, and a degree of intimacy, amounting almost to domestication in the family, had arisen between them.

Gifted with talents but little above mediocrity, he possessed a firmness of character, and strength of will, that enabled him to overcome difficulties for which a far more vigorous intellect would have felt itself unequal. For him to determine, was always to succeed. Kind, considerate and affectionate, he won the regard of all those who were associated with him, while at the same time he controlled them with his superior strength of will. Perhaps it was this very quality in the character of Edward which first excited the regard of Catharine. The vacillating temper of her father had made Catharine doubly sensitive to the spell which a certain kind of mental force in man ever casts over the more timid heart of woman. Edward had been early attracted by her girlish beauty, and the love which then sprung up in his heart strengthened with his years. Catharine soon learned to love him with a depth and fervor which was only equalled by the constancy of her attachment.

But Edward Melville was an ambitious man, and his love, while it was strong to death in his heart, only served to refine and elevate what before had been a mere selfish feeling. He had early resolved to win a fortune, and at the time when most boys are thinking of their sports, he was preparing himself for his future career. As he grew older, he decided to break through the bonds which early habit and association impose upon every one, and to seek a temporary residence in a land of strangers, and there to accumulate a fortune.

In vain Catharine besought him to moderate his views. He was now ambitious for her sake as well as for his own, and the fairest pictures of the future joy, which his fancy sketched, required a golden frame to give them finish to his eyes.

A clerkship in an extensive mercantile house, resident in Calcutta, opened an avenue to the wealth he sought, and conquering his deep regrets at parting with Kate, he accepted a situation which would banish him for years from his native land. He went forth sadly but hopefully to gather golden fruit in the mystic groves of Ind, while Catharine remained to think for her wayward father; to act for her indolent mother, and perhaps to feel too deeply for her own loneliness of heart.

CHAPTER II.

"There are violets on the graves of the departed,
But the passion-flower is dead for evermore."

The first two years after her lover's departure witnessed little change in the condition of Catharine. The daily routine of cares imposed upon her filled up her time, and Hope was ever singing its quiet song beside her. But at last the grim fiend of poverty entered their dwelling, and sat down at their scanty fireside. Mr. Dinmore's pupils dropped off, one by one; his schemes of utility and his inventions failed, and the old man began to feel the pressure of positive want. The desire of fame lost its inspiriting power, and in the utter wreck of his fortune, he sought excitement in the cup that is drugged with death. His wife, who had never been other than a weak, fretful creature, now became still more helpless from disease, and Catharine found herself left to struggle beneath a double weight of anxieties. Chained to her mother's couch of sickness, she was unable to offer any aid in procuring their daily subsistence. She was compelled to exchange the few superfluities which want had left, for the comforts necessary to age and illness. But when her father's fine library was invaded by their necessities; when she witnessed with bitter regret his childlike abandonment to grief, as shelf after shelf became void of those "dear familiar faces," which in all his troubles had ever looked kindly upon him, she felt that the lesser evils of life may be harder to be borne than its heaviest misfortunes.

It was not till after her mother's death that Catharine felt herself at liberty to carry out the scheme that she had long been maturing in her own mind. Her plan was formed with prudence, and she carried it out with energy surprising even to herself. She visited persons to whom her father was indebted, and offered to satisy their claims by the instruction of their children. She found warm and efficient friends, and Catharine soon found herself installed in a little school-room, surrounded by some twenty children, who awaited her daily attention. Though perfectly frank in her communications with Edward, Kate had alluded but slightly to the subject of their privations. Motives of delicacy, and a fear lest he might mar his own fortune by coming to their aid, prevented her from letting him know much of their real condition.

So five years passed away, and yet Edward spoke not of his return. He had been successful beyond his hopes, but his wishes grew with his gains, and another year was deemed necessary to perfect his schemes. Catharine submitted patiently but sadly to her new disappointment. Her spirits were fast sinking under the weight of a life of unshared drudgery and toil. There was no one near to cheer her with a kind word of affectionate interest. The discomforts of a close and noisy school-room served to numb her brain, and in the pale, silent woman, who walked with such feeble steps the path which led to her daily labors, could be seen little trace of the bright, ardent-faced young creature, whose every gesture was wont to express her impulsive character.

Let none of those would-be moralists, who, seated in luxurious ease at their cheerful firesides, pretend to measure the temptations, and weigh the resisting virtues of their brethren—let none such pretend that poverty is not an evil. Disguise it as we will, it is ever an evil shape, and whether it cowers beside the dying ember on the pauper's hearth, or hides its gaunt limbs beneath the furred robe of the votary of fashion, still it is ever a fearful thing. Yet, if poverty be an evil, surely riches are a snare. When did man ever say to his avarice, "Peace, thou art filled?" When did the still, small voice of love and tenderness ever reach the ear of him who was delving the deep mine for gold?

Year after year rolled on, and found Edward Melville still wearing the chains of avarice in a foreign land, and the cares which had imprinted deep wrinkles on his brow, had destroyed many a fresh feeling in his heart. Edward would have spurned the idea of being covetous. He fancied that the motives which actuated him, ennobled the pursuit of wealth. The sophistry of the passion is ever skillful in silencing the voice of the truthful monitor within man's heart, and suppressing that yearning tenderness which urged him to return to her who so patiently awaited him, he toiled on for a future which might never come. Edward led a life of toil, but not of sorrow, during his self-imposed exile. The excitement of commerce, the pleasure of success, and the enjoyments of a mode of life that enabled him to satisfy with oriental luxury the tastes that a refined education had engendered, all gave a charm to existence. How little did he imagine the heart-sickness which was consuming the strength of her for whom he toiled. How little did he suspect that she who could have borne every misfortune in life, if she had been aided by the presence of affection, was slowly wasting away beneath the burden of a lonely heart. Yet a tone of despondency in her later letters, and a slight hint at her failing health, aroused the tenderness of her absent lover, and Edward at length decided to delay no longer his return.

It was very difficult for the successful merchant to stop the tide of fortune as it rolled its treasures at his feet, but when his better nature had once been aroused, he was not to be turned from his purpose by motives of interest, and, hurrying through the necessary arrangements, Edward Melville bade farewell forever to the land where ten of the best years of his life had been passed.

It was the dull gray of morning when Edward landed once more on the shores of his native country, and impatient of all delay, he hurried onward to that part of the city where he expected to find Catharine. He had informed her of his embarkation, and he fancied that she would, even at that early hour, be awaiting him, since she must have doubtless heard of the arrival of the ship. But when he reached her abode, and beheld it closed, as if all the inmates were buried in slumber, he was ashamed of his eagerness, and turning from the door, he paced the empty street until such a time as he could reasonably hope to be admitted.

With a fever of impatience, that he could scarcely control, he paced the neighboring streets until gradually the din of noisy life awoke around him. As he approached once more the spot where all his hopes now centered, he caught sight of a slip-shod house-maid, who had just unclosed the barred portal of Catharine's abode. Hurrying forward, he addressed a brief question to the girl. The answer was as brief as it was terrific. With a terrible cry such as none but a strong man, in the very death-throe of his hopes could utter, he sprang forward, and passing the frightened woman with the rapidity of lightning, bounded up the narrow staircase. A closed door impeded his frantic progress, and flinging it wildly open, he stood suddenly, as if awe-struck, within the apartment. The room wore a desolate and dreary appearance, a ray of sunshine darting through a crack in the unopened shutter, almost extinguished the sickly glimmer of the night-taper which burned dimly on the littered table. One step brought Edward to the side of the uncurtained couch, on which lay a rigid and sheeted figure. With wild haste he flung aside the covering that concealed the ghastly face of the dead. Surely those pinched and yellow features were utterly unknown to him—it could not be his Catharine that he looked upon. His own heart answered the vain hope, and with a groan which seemed to rive his very soul, he fell senseless beside the cold remains of her who had loved him so constantly, so vainly. He had come one day too late.

Sorrow does not always kill, and Edward lived in loneliness of heart, until years had bowed his stately form and whitened his temples with the blossoms of the grave. But life had lost its charm for him.

He was surrounded by all the appliances of wealth, but he found no sympathy or companionship in the world, and a deep and abiding sense of self-reproach was his perpetual torment. Willingly now would he have given all his hard-earned fortune could it have brought the breath of life to those pallid lips and the light of day to those dim eyes of her who had worn out her life in sighing; yet it was his torture to be compelled to feel that had he been content with half his present wealth, Catharine might now be the sharer of his heart and home. What cared he now for the gold and gems upon the brim of the chalice, since death had mingled wormwood with the draught it held? He had learned the bitter lesson which experience teaches, and found, when too late, that he who, in obedience to the dictates of a false world, silences the purer instincts of his nature, but garners up for his future years a harvest of disappointment and remorse.

EAST LYNNE;

OR

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

TERROR OF DISCOVERY.

To the burial of William Carlyle came Lord Mount Severn and his son. Wilson had been right in her surmises as to the resting-place. The Carlyle vault was opened for him; and an order went forth to the sculptor for an inscription to be added to their marble tablet, in the church: "William Vane Carlyle, eldest son of Archibald Carlyle, of East Lynne." Amongst those who attended the funeral as mourners, went one more notable in the eyes of gazers than the rest—Richard Hare the younger.

Lady Isabel was ill. Ill in mind, and ominously ill in body. She kept her room, and Joyce attended on her. The household set down madame's illness to the fatigue of having attended upon Master William; it was not thought of seriously by any one, especially as she declined to see a doctor. All her thoughts now were directed to the getting away from East Lynne, for it would never do to remain there to die; and she knew that death was on his way to her, and that no human power or skill—not all the faculty combined—could turn him back again.

But she would not willingly let discovery come; neither had she the least intention of remaining at East Lynne to die. Where she should take refuge was quite a secondary consideration: only let her get smoothly and plausibly away. Joyce, in her dread, was forever urging it. Of course, the preliminary step was to arrange matters with Mrs. Carlyle; and in the afternoon of the day following the funeral, Lady Isabel proceeded to her dressing-room, and craved an interview.

Mr. Carlyle quitted the room as she entered it. Barbara, fatigued with a recent drive, was lying on the sofa. She would scarcely take the notice.

"We shall be so sorry to lose you, Madame Vine. You are all we could wish for Lucy; and Mr. Carlyle feels truly grateful for your love and attention to his poor boy."

"To leave will give me great pain also," Madame Vine answered, in a subdued tone. Pain? Ay. Mrs. Carlyle little guessed at its extent. All she cared for on earth, she should leave behind her at East Lynne.

"Indeed you must not leave," resumed Barbara. "It would be unjust to allow you to do so. You have made yourself ill, waiting upon poor William, and you must remain here and take holiday until you are cured. You will soon get well, if you will only suffer yourself to be properly waited on and taken care of."

"You are very considerate. Pray do not think me insensible if I decline. I believe my strength is beyond getting up; that I shall never be able to teach again."

"Oh, nonsense," said Barbara, in her quick way. "We are all given to fancy the worst when we are ill. I was feeling terribly weak, only a few minutes ago, and said something of the same sort to Archibald. He talked and soothed me out of it. I wish you had your dear husband living, Madame Vine, to support you and love you—as I have him."

A tinge of scarlet streaked Madame Vine's pale face, and she laid her hand upon her beating heart.

"How could you think of leaving? We should be glad to help re-establish your health, in any case, but it is only fair to do it now. I felt sure, by the news brought to me when I was ill, that your attention upon William was overtasking your strength."

"It is not the attendance upon William that has brought me into this state," was the quick answer. "I must leave; I have well considered it over."

"Would you like to go to the sea-side?" exclaimed Barbara, with sudden energy. "I am going there on Monday next: Mr. Carlyle insists upon it that I try a little change. I had intended only to take my baby; but we can make different arrangements, and take you and Lucy. It might do you good, Madame Vine."

She shook her head. "No: it would make me worse. All that I want is perfect quiet. I must beg you to understand that I shall leave. And I should be glad if you could allow the customary notice to be dispensed with, so that I may be at liberty to depart within a few days."

"Look here, then," said Barbara, after a pause of consideration; "you remain at East Lynne until my return—which will be in a fortnight. Mr. Carlyle cannot stay with me, so I know I shall be tired in less time than that. I do not want you to remain to teach, you know, Madame Vine: I do not wish you to do a single thing. Lucy shall have holiday, and Mr. Kane can come up for her music. Only, I could not be content to leave her, unless under your surveillance; she is getting of an age now, not to be consigned to servants, even to Joyce. Upon my return, if you still wish to leave, you shall then be at liberty to do so. What do you say?"

Madame Vine said "Yes." Said it eagerly. To have another fortnight with her children, Lucy and Archibald, was very like a reprieve, and she embraced it. Although she knew, as I have said, that grim Death was on his way, she did not think he had drawn so near the end of his journey. Her thoughts went back to the time when she had been ordered to the sea-side after an illness. It had been a marvel if they had not. She remembered how he, her husband, had urged the change upon her; how he had taken her, traveling carefully; how tenderly anxious he had been in the arrangements for her comfort, when settling her in the lodgings; how, when he came again to see her, he had met her with his passionate fondness, thanking God for the visible improvement in her looks. That one injunction, which she had called him back to give him, as he was departing for the boat, was bitterly present to her now: "Do not get making love to Barbara Hare." All this care, and love, and tenderness, belonged now of right to Barbara, and were given to her.

Later in the evening, when she was sitting by twilight in the grey parlor, cold and shivering, and wrapped up in a shawl, though it was hot summer weather, somebody knocked at the door.

"Come in?" cried she, apathetically.

It was Mr. Carlyle who entered. She rose up, her pulses quickening, her heart thumping against her side. In her wild confusion, she was drawing forward a chair for him. He laid his hand upon it, and motioned her to her own.

"Mrs. Carlyle tells me that you have been speaking to her of leaving—that you find yourself too much out of health to continue with us."

"Yes, sir," she faintly replied, having a most imperfect notion of what she did say.

"What is it that you find to be the matter with you?"

"I—think—it is chiefly—weakness," she stammered.

Her face had grown as grey as the walls. A dusky, livid sort of hue, not unlike William's had worn the night of his death, and her voice sounded strangely hollow. It—the voice—struck Mr. Carlyle and awoke his fears.

"You cannot—you never can have caught William's complaint, in your close attendance upon him?" he exclaimed, speaking in the impulse of the moment, as the idea flashed across him. "I have heard of such things."

"Caught it from him!" she rejoined, carried away also by impulse. "It is more likely that he"——

She stopped herself just in time. "*Inherited it from me*," had been the destined conclusion. In her alarm, she went off volubly, something to the effect that "it was no wonder she was ill—illness was natural to her family."

"At any rate, you have become ill at East Lynne, in attendance on my children," rejoined Mr. Carlyle, decisively, when her voice died away. "You must therefore allow me to insist that you allow East Lynne to do what it can toward renovating you. What is your objection to see a doctor?"

"A doctor could do me no good," she faintly answered.

"Certainly not, so long as you will not consult one."

"Indeed, sir, doctors could not cure me, nor, as I believe, prolong my life."

Mr. Carlyle paused.

"Are you believing yourself to be in danger?"

"Not in immediate danger, sir; only in so far as that I know I shall not live."

"And yet you will not see a doctor.—Madame Vine, you must be aware that I could not permit such a thing to go on in my house. Dangerous illness and no advice!"

She could not say to him, "My malady is on the mind; it is a breaking heart, and therefore no doctor of physic could serve me." That would never do. She had sat with her hand across her face, between her spectacles and wrapped-up chin. Had Mr. Carlyle possessed the eyes of Argus, backed by Sam Weller's patent magnifying microscopes of double hextra power, he could not have made anything of her features in the broad light of day. But she did not feel so sure of it. There was always an undefined terror of discovery when in his presence, and she wished the interview at an end.

"I will see Mr. Wainwright if it will be any satisfaction to you, sir."

"Madame Vine, I have intruded upon you here to say that you *must* see him, and, should he deem it necessary, Dr. Martin also."

"Oh, sir," she rejoined, with a curious smile, "Mr. Wainwright will be quite sufficient. There will be no need of another. I will write a note to him to-morrow."

"Spare yourself the trouble. I am going into West Lynne, and will send him up. You will permit me to urge that you spare no pains or care, that you suffer my servants to spare no pains or care, to re-establish your health. Mrs. Carlyle tells me that the question of your leaving remains in abeyance until her return."

"Pardon me, sir. The understanding with Mrs. Carlyle was that I should remain here until her return, and should then be at liberty at once to leave."

"Exactly. That is what Mrs. Carlyle said. But I must express a hope that by that time you may be feeling so much better as to reconsider your decision, and continue with us. For my daughter's sake, Madame Vine, I trust it will be so."

He rose as he spoke, and held out his hand. What could she do but rise also, drop hers from her face, and give it him in answer? He retained it, clasping it warmly.

"How shall I repay you—how thank you for your love to my poor lost boy?"

His earnest, tender eyes were on her blue double spectacles; a sad smile mingled with the sweet expression of his lips as he bent towards her—lips that had once been hers! A faint exclamation of despair, a vivid glow of hot crimson, and she caught up her new black silk apron, so deeply bordered with crape, in her disengaged hand, and flung it up to her face. He mistook the sound—mistook the action.

"Do not grieve for him. He is at rest. Thank you—thank you greatly for your sympathy."

Another wring of her hand, and Mr. Carlyle had quitted the room. She laid her head upon the table, and thought how merciful would be death when he should come.

CHAPTER XLV.

IT WON'T DO, AFY!

Mr. Jiffin was in his glory. Mr. Jiffin's house was the same. Both were in apple-pie readiness to receive Miss Afy Hallijohn, who was, in a very short period indeed, to be converted into Mrs. Jiffin.

Mr. Jiffin had not seen Afy for some days; had never been able to come across her since the trial at Lynneborough. Every evening had he danced attendance at her lodgings, but could not get admitted. "Not at home; not home," was the invariable answer, though Afy might be sunning herself at the window in his very sight. Mr. Jiffin, throwing off as best he could the temporary disappointment, was in an ecstasy of admiration, for he set it all down to Afy's retiring modesty on the approach of the nuptial day. "And they could try to calumniate her!" he indignantly breathed.

But now, one afternoon, when Mr. Jiffin and his shopman, and his shop, and his wares, were all set out to the best advantage, and very tempting they looked as a whole, especially the spiced bacon, Mr. Jiffin happening to cast his eyes to the opposite side of the street, beheld his beloved sailing by. She was got up in the fashion. A mauve silk dress with eighteen flounces, and about eighteen hundred steel buttons that glittered your sight away; a "zouave" jacket worked with gold; a black turban perched on the top of her skull, garnished in front with what court milliners are pleased to term a "plume de coq," but which, by its size and height, might have been taken for a "coq" himself, while a white ostrich feather was carried round and did duty behind, and a spangled hair-net hung down to her waist. Gloriously grand was Afy that day; and if I had but a photographing machine at hand—or whatever may be the scientific name of the thing—you should certainly have been regaled with the sight of her. Joyce would have gone down in a fit, had she encountered her by an unhappy chance. Mr. Jiffin, dashing his apron anywhere, tore across.

"Oh, is it you?" said Afy, freezingly, when compelled to acknowledge him, but his offered hand she utterly repudiated. "Really, Mr. Jiffin, I should feel obliged if you would not come out to me in this offensive and public manner."

Mr. Jiffin grew cold. "Offensive! Not come out!" gasped he. "I do trust I have not been so unfortunate as to offend you, Miss Afy!"

"Well—you see," said Afy, calling up all her impudence to say what she had made up her mind to say, "I have been considering it well over, Jiffin, and I find that to carry out the marriage will not be for my—for our happiness. I intended to write and inform you of this; but I shall be spared the trouble—as you have come out to me."

The perspiration, cold as ice, began to pour off Mr. Jiffin in his agony and horror. You might have wrung every thread he had on. "You—don't—mean—to—imply—that—you—give—me—up—Miss Afy?" he jerked out, unevenly.

"Well: yes I do," replied Afy. "It's as good to be plain; and then there can be no misapprehension. I'll shake hands now with you, Jiffin, for the last time; and I am very sorry that we both made such a mistake."

Poor Jiffin looked at her. His gaze would have melted a heart of stone. "Miss Afy, you *can't* mean it! You'd never, sure, crush a fellow in this manner, whose whole soul is yours; who trusted you entirely! There's not an earthly thing I would not do to please you. You have been—the light of my existence."

"Of course," returned Afy, with a lofty and indifferent air, as if to be "the light of his existence" was only her due. "But it's all done and over. It is not at all a settlement that will suit me, you see, Jiffin. A butter and bacon factor is so very—so very—what I have not been accustomed to! And then, those aprons! I never could get reconciled to them."

"I'll discard the aprons altogether," cried he, in a fever. "I'll get a second shopman, and buy a little gig, and do nothing but drive you out. I'll do anything if you will but have me still, Miss Afy. I have bought the ring, you know."

"Your intentions are very kind," was the distant answer. "But it's a thing impossible: my mind is fully made up. So farewell for good, Jiffin; and I wish you better luck in your next venture."

Afy, lifting her capacious dress, for the streets had just been watered, minced off. And Mr. Joe Jiffin, wiping his wet face as he gazed after her, insanely wished that he could be nailed up in one of his pickled pork barrels, and so be put out of his misery.

"That's done with, thank goodness!" soliloquized Afy. "Have Ain, indeed! after what Richard Hare let out on the trial. As if I should now look after anybody less than Dick! I shall get him, too! Telling to the judge's face that he only wanted to make me his honorable wife. I always knew Dick Hare loved me above everything on earth; and he does still, or he'd never said what he did, in open court. It's better to be born lucky than rich. Won't West Lynne envy me! 'Mrs. Richard Hare, of the Grove!' Old Hare is on his last legs, and then Dick comes into his own. Mrs. Hare must have her jointure house elsewhere, for we shall want the Grove for ourselves. I wonder if Madame Barbara will condescend to recognize me? And that blessed Corny? I shall be a sort of cousin of Corny's then. I wonder how much Dick comes into?—three or four thousand a year. And to think I had nearly escaped this by tying myself to that ape of a Jiffin! What sharks do get in our unsuspecting paths, in this world!"

On went Afy, through West Lynne, till she arrived close to Mr. Justice Hare's. Then she paced slowly. It had been a frequent walk of hers, since the trial. Luck favored her to-day. As she was passing the gate, young Richard Hare came up from the direction of East Lynne. It was the first time Afy had obtained speech of him.

"Good day, Mr. Richard. Why! you never were going to pass an old friend?"

"I have so many friends," said Richard, "I can scarcely spare time for them, individually."

"But you might for me. Have you forgotten old days?" continued she, bridling and flirting, and altogether showing herself off to advantage.

"No, I have not," replied Richard.—"And I am not likely to do so," he pointedly added.

"Ah, I felt sure of that. My heart told me so. When you went off, that dreadful night, leaving me to anguish and suspense, I thought I should have died. I have never had, so to say, a happy moment, until this, when I meet you again."

"Don't be a fool, Afy!" was Richard's gallant rejoinder, borrowing the favorite reproach of Miss Carlyle. "I was young and green once; you don't suppose I have remained so. We will drop the past, if you please. How is Mr. Jiffin?"

"Oh, the wretch!" shrieked Afy. "Is it possible you can have fallen into the popular scandal that I have anything to say to *him*? You know I'd never demean myself to it. That's West Lynne all over! Nothing but inventions in it from week's end to week's end. A man who sells cheese! who cuts up bacon! Well, I am surprised at you, Mr. Richard!"

"I have been thinking what luck you were in, to get him," said Richard, with composure. "But it is your business, not mine."

"Could you bear to see me stooping to him?" returned Afy, dropping her voice to the most insinuating whisper.

"Look you, Afy. What ridiculous folly you are nursing in your head, I don't trouble myself to guess; but, the sooner you get it out again, the better. I was an idiot once, I don't deny it; but you cured me of that, and cured me with a vengeance. You must pardon me for intimating that from henceforth we are strangers; in the street, as elsewhere. I have resumed my own standing again, which I periled when I ran after you."

Afy turned faint. "How can you speak those cruel words?" gasped she.

"You have called them forth. I was told yesterday that Afy Hallijohn, dressed up to a caricature, was looking after me again. *It won't do, Afy!*"

"Oh-o-o-o-oh!" sobbed Afy, growing hysterical; "and is this to be all my recompense for the years I have spent pining after you, keeping single for your sake!"

"Recompense! Oh, if you want that, I'll get my mother to give Jiffin her custom." And with a ringing laugh, which, though it had nothing of malice in it, showed Afy that he took her reproach for what it was worth, Richard turned in at his own gate.

It was a deadly blow to Afy's vanity. The worst it had ever received; and she took a few minutes to compose herself, and smooth her ruffled feathers. Then she turned and sailed back toward Mr. Jiffin's, her turban up in the skies and the plume de coq tossing, to the admiration of all beholders, especially of Miss Carlyle, who had the gratification of surveying her from her window. Arrived at Mr. Jiffin's, she was taken ill exactly opposite his door, and staggered into the shop in a most exhausted state.

Round the counter flew Mr. Jiffin, leaving the shopman, staring, behind it. What was the matter? What *could* he do for her?

"Faint—heat of the sun—walked too fast—allowed to sit down for five minutes!" gasped Afy, in disjointed sentences.

Mr. Jiffin tenderly conducted her through the shop to his parlor. Afy cast half an eye around, saw how comfortable were its arrangements, and her symptoms of faintness increased. Gasps and hysterical sobs came forth together. Mr. Jiffin was as one upon spikes.

"She'd recover better there than in the public shop—if she'd only excuse his bringing her in, and consent to stop a few minutes. No harm could come to her, and West Lynne could never say it. He'd stand at the far end of the room away from her; he'd prop open the two doors and the window; he'd call in the maid—anything she thought right. Should he get her a glass of wine?"

Afy declined the wine by a gesture, and sat fanning herself. Mr. Jiffin looking on from a respectful distance. Gradually she grew composed—grew herself again. As she gained courage, Mr. Jiffin lost it, and he ventured upon some faint words of reproach, of him.

Afy burst into a laugh. "Did I not do it well?" she exclaimed. "I thought I'd play off a joke upon you, so I came out this afternoon and did it."

Mr. Jiffin clasped his hands. "Was it a joke?" he returned, trembling with agitation, uncertain whether he was in paradise or not. "Are you still ready to let me call you mine?"

"Of course it was a joke," said Afy.—"What a soft you must have been, Mr. Jiffin, not to see through it! When young ladies engage themselves to be married, you can't suppose they run back from it, close upon the wedding-day?"

"Oh, Miss Afy!" And the poor little man actually burst into delicious tears, as he caught hold of Afy's hand and kissed it.

"A great green donkey!" thought Afy to herself, bending on him, however, the sweetest smile.

Rather. But Mr. Jiffin is not the only green donkey in the world.

Richard Hare, meanwhile, had entered his mother's presence. She was sitting at the open window, the justice opposite to her, in an invalid chair, basking in the air and the sun. This last attack of the justice's had affected the mind more than the body. He was brought down to the sitting-room that day for the first time; but, of his mind, there was little hope. It was in a state of half imbecility; the most wonderful characteristic being, that all its self-will, its surliness had gone. Almost as a little child in tractability, was Justice Hare.

Richard came up to his mother, and kissed her. He had been to East Lynne. Mrs. Hare took his hand and fondly held it. The change in her was wonderful; she was a young and happy woman again.

"Barbara has decided to go to the sea-side, mother. Mr. Carlyle takes her on Monday."

"I am glad, my dear. It will be sure to do her good. Richard"—bending over to her husband, but still retaining her son's hand—"Barbara has agreed to go to the sea-side. It will set her up."

"Ay, ay," nodded the justice, "set her up. Sea-side? Can't we go?"

"Certainly, dear, if you wish it; when you shall be a little stronger."

"Ay, ay," nodded the justice again. It was his usual answer now. "Stronger.—Where's Barbara?"

"She goes on Monday, sir," said Richard, likewise bending his head. "Only for a fortnight. But they talk of going again later in the autumn."

"Can't I go, too?" repeated the justice, looking pleadingly in Richard's face.

"You shall, dear father. Who knows but a month or two's bracing would bring you quite round again? We might go all together, ourselves and the Carlyles. Anne comes to stay with us next week, you know, and we might go when her visit is over."

"Ay, all go together. Anne coming?"

"Have you forgotten, dear Richard? She comes to stay a month with us, and Mr. Clitheroe and the children. I am so pleased she will find you better," added Mrs. Hare, her gentle eyes filling. "Mr. Wainwright says you may go out for a drive to-morrow."

"And I'll be coachman," laughed Richard. "It will be the old times come round again. Do you remember, father, my breaking the pole, one moonlight night, and your not letting me drive for a six months afterward?"

The poor justice laughed in answer to Richard, laughed till the tears ran down his face, probably not knowing in the least what he was laughing at.

"Richard," said Mrs. Hare to her son, almost in an apprehensive tone, her hand pressing his, nervously, "was not that Afy Hallijohn I saw you speaking with at the gate?"

"Did you? What a spectacle she had

made of herself! I wonder she is not ashamed to go through the streets in such a guise! Indeed, I wonder she shows herself at all."

"Richard, you—you—will not be drawn in again?" were the next whispered words.

"Mother!" There was a sternness in his mild blue eyes as he cast them upon his mother. Those beautiful eyes—the very counterpart of Barbara's, both his and hers the counterpart of Mrs. Hare's. The look had been sufficient refutation without words.

"Mother mine, I am going to belong to you in future, and to nobody else. West Lynne is already busy for me, I understand, pleasantly carving out my destiny. One marvels whether I shall lose myself again with Miss Afy; another, that I shall set on, off-hand, and court heaven Dobede. They are all wrong; my place will be with my darling mother—at least, for several years to come."

She clasped his hand to her bosom in her glad delight.

"We want happiness together, mother, to enable us to forget the past; for, upon none did the blow fall as upon you and upon me. And happiness we shall find, in this our own home, living for each other, and striving to amuse my poor father."

"Ay, ay," complacently put in Justice Hare.

So it would be. Richard had returned to his home, had become, to all intents and purposes, its master; for the justice would never be in a state to hold sway again. He had resumed his position; had regained the favor of West Lynne, which, always in extremes, was now wanting to kill him with kindness. A happy, happy home, from henceforth; and Mrs. Hare lifted up her full heart in thankfulness to God. Perhaps Richard's went up also.

One word, touching that wretched prisoner in the condemned cell at Lynneborough. As you may have anticipated, the extreme sentence was not carried out. And little favorite as Sir Francis is with you and with me—we can but admit that justice did not demand that it should be. That he had wilfully killed Hallijohn, was certain; but the act was committed in a moment of wild rage; it had not been premeditated. The sentence was commuted to transportation. A far more disgraceful one in the estimation of Sir Francis; a far more unwelcome one in the eyes of his wife. It is no use to mince the truth. One little grain of comfort had penetrated to Lady Levison; the anticipation of the time when she and her ill-fated child should be alone, and could hide themselves in some hidden nook of the wild world; *he*, and his crime and his end, gone; forgotten. But it seems he was not to go and be forgotten; she and the boy must be tied to him still; and she was lost in horror and rebellion.

He envied the dead Hallijohn, did that man, as he looked forth on the future. A cheering prospect truly! The gay Sir Francis Levison working in chains with his gang! Where would his diamonds and his perfumed handkerchiefs and his white hands be then? After a time he might get a ticket-of-leave. He groaned in agony as the turnkey suggested it to him. A ticket-of-leave for *him*? Oh, why did they not hang him? he wailed forth as he closed his eyes to the dim light. The light of the cell, you understand; he could not close them to the light of the future. No; never again; it shone out all too plainly; dazzling his brain as with a flame of living fire.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

CARDS.

We have very curious accounts handed down to us of the invention of cards, as the contrivance of a painter in 1390, for the purpose of diverting Charles the Sixth, of France, who had fallen into a deep melancholy. Some say the four suits were designed to represent the four principal classes of society. *Cœurs*, or hearts, were used for the emblem of choir-men, or ecclesiastics; but the Spaniards have *copas*, or chalices, instead of hearts, though in allusion to the same character. The nobility, or prime military part of the kingdom, are represented by what the French call *piques*, the points of lances or pikes; to which, from our ignorance of the meaning or resemblance, we gave the name of spades, from the Spanish word *espadas*, swords, which the Spaniards have painted on their cards, instead of pikes. *Carreaux*, diamonds, square stones, or tiles, appear to have been a hard-strained representation of citizens, merchants, or tradesmen; but the peasantry, or class of people engaged in the pursuits of agriculture, had a much more appropriate type in what the French called *trefles*, trefoil, or clover-grass, instead of which the Spaniards using *bastos*, staves or clubs, in the corresponding suit of their cards, we have absurdly annexed the Spanish signification to the French figure.

Others will have it that the four suits are all military emblems; that hearts imply courage to defend our country; that the arms then in use were *piques*, lances, and heavy arrows to be shot from crossbows, and shaped like *carreaux*, the diamonds on cards, and lastly, that *trefle*, trefoil, served to remind a general that he should never encamp without good opportunities for forage.

In the same spirit of allusion to war, we are told that the ace is, in fact, the Latin word *as*, signifying literally a piece of money but, in a general sense, wealth; and that aces, accordingly, have precedence before kings and all other cards. For as riches are the sinews of war, the most powerful monarchs submit to their control, and the question of peace or war must, in a great measure, depend on the finances and resources of the country.

The four kings were intended as portraits of David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne, to represent the four monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks. Each of the kings had his faithful *ecuyer*, or armor-bearer, called in the middle ages valet, or knave, a title then honorable, though now used as a term of servility or contempt.

The four queens under the names of Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas, were designed to represent birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom. But a modern French writer, as if hurt at the idea that, in a nation famed for gallantry, love, and beauty, should be left out of the emblems, gives us the following ingenious explanation of the four queens. Argine, the queen of clubs, is, he says, an anagram, or transposition of the letters of the Latin word *regina*, and was a representation of Mary of Anjou, wife of Charles the Seventh. The queen of diamonds, under the name of Rachel, was meant for the beautiful but frail Agnes Sorrel, and the queen of spades, under the semblance of the chaste and warlike Minerva, was the heroic Maid of Orleans, while Judith, the queen of hearts, was designed as a picture of the enchanting Isabeau de Baviere.

CASUAL thoughts are sometimes of great value. One of these may prove the key to open for us a yet unknown apartment in the palace of truth, or a yet unexplored tract in the paradise of sentiment that environs it.

FACETIÆ

THE PRESENT DAY.—Your birthday.

AN UNSATISFACTORY MEAL.—A domestic broil.

THE SPIRITUALIST'S MOTTO.—There's a medium in all things.

MARRIAGE is a port in the tempest, but oftener a tempest in the port.

THE prolix orator, like the wick of a candle, loses his brightness as he grows long.

A FEELING ENGINEER. — "Letting off steep" is a little boy's definition of snoring.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher.—Next Sunday we'll have "The death of Moses." Over-joyed pupil—Then he did die at last.

Tell me ye winged things
That round my pillow roar,
Is there no favored spot
Where "skeeters" are no more?

THAT was an expressive remark of a practical man regarding the women of the period, "She don't know enough to bile hot water."

A CAUTIOUS Evansville reporter, in speaking of a man both of whose legs were cut off by a railroad train, says "He will probably be a cripple for life."

MIXED.—Jack, who is at a boarding-school in the country, writes home: "Please send me a good trap to catch birds, and a piece of carpet to say my prayers on."

IT is sad to think that a sentence commencing, "The gates of pearl through which the human voice issues" should wreck itself in sordid praise of what's his name's tooth-powder.

A TEMPTING INDUCEMENT.—Cheerful agent for life insurance company—"The advantage of our company is that you do not forfeit your policy either by being hanged, or by committing suicide! Pray take a prospectus!"

A POET recently sent a song entitled, "What shall my Love wear?" to an editor, the latter regarded the question wholly in its moral aspect, and sat down and wrote a firm but kind article, recommending her to wear clothes.

PROF. SMITH said in a lecture in Philadelphia last week that "Filtration is sometimes assisted by the use of albumen," but the compositor got the remark into shape in this ominous fashion: "Flirtation is sometimes arrested by the use of aldermen."

IT is now asserted that a side window in a stable makes the horse's eye weak on that side; a window in front hurts his eye by the glare; a window behind makes him squint-eyed; a window on a diagonal line makes him shy when he is going; a stable without a window makes him blind. Truly farming is a fearful and wonderful pursuit.

TONGUE.—A country paper is responsible for the following: "A married man, hearing that the eating of certain kinds of animal food would aid the same tissues of the human body—as, for instance, calves' brains would nourish the eater's brains, or beef's liver the eater's liver—immediately gave strict orders to his butcher that no more tongues of any kind should be sold to his wife or mother-in-law."

THIS is the way a Florida man expects to get a partner to his bosom. He advertises as follows: "Any gal what's got a cow, a good feather-bed, with comfortable linens, five hundred dollars in good, genuine, slap-up greenbacks, that has had the small-pox, measles, and understands tending children, can find a customer for life by riten a small william ducky, addressed X. Y. Z., and stick in a crack of Uncle Billy Smith's barn, jinin' the pig-pen, where Harrison Reed is now planning for future operations."

ONE OF NATURE'S POETS.—It is said that on one occasion, as Miss Wordsworth, sister of the poet, was passing through a wood which the stock-dove was filling with its soft music, she fell in with a country woman who exclaimed, "I am so fond of stock-doves!" "Oh," thought Miss Wordsworth, "at last I have come on one of Nature's poets, with a soul to appreciate the beautiful music of the birds." Very ruthlessly was the dream dissipated by an explanatory remark of the woman's: "Some likes them in pies; but for my part I think there's nothing like them stewed with onions."

BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY.—"When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the court-house stairs and broke his neck," says Mark Twain in the *Galaxy*, "it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins's wagon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not to break the news to her at once, but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door; then he said, 'Does the widow Bagley live here?' 'The widow Bagley? No, sir!' 'I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does Judge Bagley live here?' 'Yes, Judge Bagley lives here.' 'I'll bet he don't. But never mind—it ain't for me to contradict. Is the Judge in?' 'No, not at present.' 'I just expected as much; because, you know—take hold o' suthin, mum, for I'm a going to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some—there's been an accident, mum. I've got the old Judge curled up out here in the wagon; and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that an inquest is the only thing that could be a comfort to him.'"

A STORY is told of the daughter of a prominent person now in the lecture field, which is peculiarly suggestive of unconscious wisdom. A gentleman was invited to the lecturer's house to tea. Immediately on being seated at the time the little girl astonished the family circle by the abrupt question, "Where is your wife?"

Now the gentleman having been recently separated from the partner of his life, was taken so completely by surprise that he stammered forth the truth, "I don't know."

"Don't know," replied the *enfant terrible*, "why don't you know."

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogatories, despite the mild reproof of her parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter, and have it over at once.

So he said, with a calmness which was the result of a volley of inward expletives, "Well, we don't live together. We think, as we can't agree, we had better not."

He stifled a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents.

But the little torment would not be quieted till she exclaimed, "Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out as pa and ma do?"

"Vengeance is mine," laughingly retorted the visitor, after "pa and ma" exchanged looks of holy horror, followed by the inevitable roar.

THE WEST INDIAN PIRATES.

BY OLIVER A. H. R.

Some years ago, the West Indian seas were infested by pirates, of savage atrocity and desperate valor. They were composed of men of all nations—runaway sailors from English, Danish, French, and Dutch vessels—though, probably, the larger portion of them were men of Spanish race, natives of Cuba or of the old Spanish settlements of the Southern States of America.

I had taken a passage on board the merchant ship Mary, at Belize, and we were on our way to New York, when the following incident befell me:

I had seen the captain standing on the after-deck, and, from time to time, eagerly surveying with his glass some object in our wake. I walked up to him on one of these occasions, and inquired what he was trying to make out.

"There is a strange vessel in sight," he answered; "but I can't quite make her out."

"She may be one of those Bristol traders that were nearly ready to sail when we left port," I observed.

"No; she doesn't look like one of that sort. She seems of some bastard rig; but we may make her out by-and-by."

"You do not think we are pursued?" I asked, feeling alarmed, as landsmen are usually disposed to be at sea, when they encounter something that looks mysterious.

"Really, I cannot tell," was his answer; "but I suppose it will be time enough to cry out when we're likely to be hurt."

And, so saying, he strode forward with his glass.

Night fell; but the air was so hot and stifling below that I found sleep next to impossible. If I slept for a moment, I was haunted by dreams of pirates, sharks, and shipwrecks; so I hurried on my clothes, and again sought the deck.

The moon was half-way up the heavens, and not a cloud was in sight; countless stars of wondrous beauty and brilliancy gemmed the sky, and the ocean was flooded with their light. A long line of quivering rays lay flashing on the bosom of the sea, like a vein of quicksilver, right under the moon's eye. All was quiet, peaceful, and beautiful; it was a magnificent night, such as is only to be seen within the tropics, and not often even there.

The winds were almost laid. The gentlest possible breeze filled the sails, just enough to set them to sleep, though not to prevent them giving an idle flap now and then, when the vessel rolled a little heavier than usual on the long swell.

Nothing stirred about the deck. The watch had disappeared forward; but I found the captain still on the alert, and again surveying the remote object he had before observed, through his night glass. I did not interrupt him again by my questionings; I paced the deck in the delicious night air; but my attention was shortly attracted by the sound of the boatswain's shrill whistle calling the watch.

Orders were given by the captain, and every stitch of sail was crowded on the ship. Each mast bore its full load. As I stood aft, and looked up, the sails seemed, in the moonlight, like towers of snow set against the dark-blue sky.

In a few minutes all was still again; the vessel seemed to make better way through the water, from the increasing ripple of the wavelets heard against her sides. Drowsiness gradually stole upon me, and I went below again to court my pillow.

I was startled from my slumbers towards morning, by the sound of alarmed voices, and of hurried tramping on deck. I threw on my clothes, and hastened up the companion ladder.

On my way up I met black Sambo, the cook. Though nature had put it out of his power to look pale, the poor fellow looked the picture of terror. The pallor of fright seemed positively struggling through his skin, and his eyes had that expression of alarm which terrifies more than even the pallid cheek or the quivering lip.

"For Heaven's sake," I asked, "what is the matter?"

"Sharks, Sa!" he replied, in an intense whisper—seemingly afraid to speak above his breath.

"Is that all?"

"All!" he instantly said. "*Pirates*, Sa!"

"Where?" I asked, my heart suddenly bounding against my ribs.

"*See!*" said Sambo, and he pointed aft.

I looked in the direction indicated, and my eyes rested on an object yet at some distance, but near enough to strike fear into the stoutest heart. It was "the strange ship," which the captain had been scanning the preceding night, and there could now be little doubt as to her character.

A smart breeze had sprung up, and she was rapidly gaining on us. Her rig and hull were now recognized by some of the older hands on board; she was a notorious pirate-ship, in full chase of our vessel, and, but for some merciful interposition of Providence, we seemed doomed for capture.

I walked up to the captain.

"Well," I said, "the secret's at last out."

"Yes; I knew her from the first, but I tried the chance of an escape, not knowing whether she might have seen us or not; but, you see, we have failed. She is one of the most determined pirates in these seas—manned by a crew of about the biggest ruffians that ever trod a deck."

"But what is to be done?" I asked. "Surely, you do not think of offering resistance?"

"There is no other way for it; at all events, we must try. We may wing her, and escape."

"But, if you fail, you will only have exasperated them, and provoked their revenge."

"Resist or not, we have no mercy to hope for from *them*, and my mind's made up."

"But what means of resistance have you? Your vessel is short-manned; you are without guns or ammunition."

"You have not yet seen our means; and such as they are, we must use them against that ruffian!"

His eye glanced again in the direction of the pursuing ship. She was a long, low sort of craft, evidently very swift. Her foremast and bowsprit were immensely strong, and of great length, both covered with canvas, under a press of which she came bowling along, the now freshening breeze filling her sails.

The rapidity with which she gained on us showed that we had no chance of escape by flight. Our every rag of canvas had been for some time set, and the old lumbering ship, heavily laden as she was, went snorting and groaning through the water. The match was as unequal as between a cart-horse and a thorough-bred racer.

Turning my eyes again towards the deck, I found the men all activity and bustle. One group I observed busily engaged in breaking and sawing old iron, hoops and spikes. Those were for grape-shot!

"But where are the guns?" I asked of the captain.

"You shall see presently," he replied; "the men are dragging them from their concealment below, for we carry more than the regulation number. In the meantime, may I ask you to go below, and break the matter to your fellow-passengers. There may be some of the gentlemen not unwilling to aid in the defence of the ship. At present I cannot leave the deck. My wife!"—a shudder seemed to pass across his face, and he added—"would to heaven she had not been here!"

I pressed his hand, and went below. Need I say what screaming, sobbing, and crying there was, when I informed my fellow-passengers of the danger so near at hand. One tender girl there was, fair and beautiful as light, who displayed the most charming courage and self-possession. She was on her way home, in search of the health which she had lost amid the hot swamps of the tropics. It might be that she felt the hand of death already upon her, and the ties that bound her to life were thus feeble. She tried to soothe the shrieking women, cheered those who seemed as if stricken down with terror, and urged upon all to reflect, that it was their duty rather to aid and encourage those who were about to risk their lives for their protection, than to embarrass and distress them by shrieking and clamor. The captain's wife, I found, was more composed than the others; and she suggested that the other females should at once proceed to disguise themselves in ordinary seamen's clothes, and proceed upon deck, so as if possible to escape detection in event of the ship being boarded by the pirates.

I left them engaged in these preparations, and hastened upon deck. I found that the men had now dragged from their concealment nine eighteen-pound carronades, which were mounted and ready for action. Some were busily engaged in loading them, each with a round shot and a bag of iron cuttings, broken nails, and musket-balls—the most destructive kind of grape. They worked as if life and death dependent on their efforts, which was indeed the case. Of the eleven gentlemen, passengers on board, of nearly all nations, the greater number, with praiseworthy alacrity, aided the crew in their preparations for defence. All the guns, rifles, pistols, swords and cutlasses which the ship could muster, were brought on deck, and distributed among the passengers and crew.

The pirate-ship was now rapidly approaching, and was almost within gun-shot. We could see her deck distinctly, and perceived that it was crowded with men; booms and all were filled. She was evidently well armed, for we saw six guns of a side, and a long gun, on pivots, planted in the forecastle. The occasional gleam of steel caught our eye. We saw a man, evidently a person in command, standing in the shrouds, with a polished speaking-trumpet in his hand, closely scanning us. He wore white trousers, and had a red sash bound round his waist. On his head was a broad Panama hat, the now burning sun rendering such a defence highly necessary.

But our attention was suddenly attracted in another direction, by a new object of interest—perhaps of danger. It must here be observed, that we were now off the coast of Cuba, whose high lands to the west of Cape Maize rose clear and strongly-defined against the northern sky. One of the old hands on board pointed out, not very far off, a spot which, he assured us, was one of the most noted piratical haunts in Cuba.

"These fellows," said he, "even venture out in their boats to attack and board merchantmen of the first class. I have known——"

"Boat ahoy!" sung out the man on the look-out.

"Where away?"

"Under our forefoot!"

And sure enough there was a boat almost in our track, though, at first sight, there seemed nothing in its appearance to excite either suspicion or alarm.

"Keep your eye on that 'ere, captain," was the remark of the old seaman at our side.

And the captain, to do him justice, seemed alive to the necessity of keeping a sharp look-out in all directions.

We were soon within hail of the boat, and perceived that there was only one man visible on board, who seemed as if fishing with a rod and line at the boat's bow. An immense tarpaulin covered the boat which was large as a jolly. The only circumstance which excited our suspicion was an object very like a carronade on a pivot, planted forward, and on which the man sat, as if to conceal it. He soon hailed us in Spanish; but our captain, not understanding Spanish, hailed in English.

"Hillos, sir, what are you about there?"

"Feeshin," was the man's reply. "Will buy feesh?"

"And what kind of fish do you catch here, so far out at sea?"

"All sorts, sare?"

"And what's the use of that gun I see at your bows?"

"Ah, sare! keep off de pirates wid dat."

"Now, men," said our captain, turning round, "I smell some treachery here. Whatever happens, be ready, calm, and collected; we may have a double danger to run; I fear this is a pirate's trick. Sambo" (turning to the black cook,) "see that the poker is kept red-hot, and be ready to hand it up!"

"Ay, ay, Sa!" said Sambo showing his ivories; for Sambo's poker had been appointed to do the duty of port-fire or match.

We were within less than pistol-shot of the boat, when we observed a sudden bustle under the tarpaulin. The man at the bows changed his position, pointed the carronade in the direction of our brig, and bang! a round shot went whistling through our foresail. At the same instant the tarpaulin was thrown off, with a loud shout, and some thirty fierce and savage-looking ruffians displayed themselves to view. They immediately saluted us with a volley of their small arms, which, however, did but little damage, though I saw one of our men fall. The others were with difficulty restrained from firing upon them—the black cook now brandishing his heated poker. But the captain shouted out, "Forbear! not a shot till I give the word!"

The pirate-boat rapidly approached, and her crew fired another volley upon us; but firing upwards, and our men being sheltered by the bulwarks, no damage was this time done. The ruffians were now close upon us, and I could see their gleaming pikes and cutlasses, the pistols and long knives in their belts, and their revolting looks. There was a faint scream of the females on deck. We seemed as if already in the pirate's power.

But our turn for action had now come. The boat had almost struck the ship's side, when the clear voice of the captain was heard.

"Now, men, steady! Run out the guns; mind your aim! Now, blacky, with your poker."

The guns were run out through the port-holes in an instant, and one fiery stream of death after another was poured down upon our assailants. At least three or four heavy shot went through the boat's bottom, when she almost instantly filled and sank, leaving her crew in the water, struggling and swimming for life. A cry of horror rose from among them when the first volley of grape and round-shot crashed into their midst, and they howled for pity and mercy. But there was little time for consideration now; and, one by one, the swimmers disappeared. Some sunk, others seemed to be suddenly dragged under water. Two sharks, which had followed the ship's wake for some days, now enjoyed a high carouse. There was an occasional splash, an upturned belly, a crunching of bones, and in a moment all was over with the victim.

And what of the pirate-ship—the first object of our fears? What was our surprise to find the stranger ship sheering off? Most probably our warm reception of the Cuba "fishermen" had shown them that we were fully prepared for resistance. However this might be, certain it is that they parted company with us forthwith, and troubled us no more. The joy of the crew and passengers, thus rescued from perils so imminent, need scarcely be described. The captain was quite beside himself with joy, and seemed almost inclined to embrace the black cook Sambo for his gallant handling of the poker. Double, if not treble allowances, of grog were served out to the men; and we reached port in safety, without further incident, about three weeks after this adventure with the pirates.

THE OPAL.

BY FRANCIS FAIRFIELD.

Next to the pearl, and third in order from the diamond, connoisseurs hold the opal. In the estimation of the ancients, when absolutely faultless, its value as a precious gem was fully equal to it. They furthermore considered its power marvellous as a strengthener for the eyes. The anecdote of the Roman Senator, Nonius, who preferred exile to relinquishing a fine opal into the possession of Mark Anthony, is doubtless familiar to most readers.

The finest specimens abound in Hungary and Honduras, and usually play either in the red or green color. Both are equally prized. The term "Oriental Opal," is utterly hypothetical, as no opals were ever found in the East.

The crown of France holds two of the finest in the world. One is set in the centre of the "Order of the Golden Fleece;" the other flashes from the clasp of the imperial cloak. They were purchased for 75,000 francs, (3, 069*l.*)

The world-renowned opal called "The Great Fire of Troy," in honor of its wondrous imprisoned fire-flies, was the happy purchase of the First Consul's wife. It is still in its unique beauty among the crown jewels lately worn by the Empress Eugenie.

A marvellously large opal is the property of Austria—but its worth and beauty are sadly marred by a rather sizeable crack down its entire length.

Count Walewski, a tasteful amateur collector of gems, is said to rejoice in the possession of an opal of surprising beauty, which is fully as large as a franc piece.

The opal of the world is, however, in the Imperial Mineralogical Cabinet of Vienna. This extraordinary stone actually weighs *seventeen ounces*. It is four inches and three-quarters in length, and two and a half inches in thickness. It was discovered in Hungary, in 1770, and bears the reputation of being as absolutely faultless as it is considered, in Viennese estimation, invaluable. It is said that Vienna dare not put even an approximate value upon it.

A fine opal of considerable size is in the possession of the German University at Bonn. It is of the variety called the "Fire Opal," which species of the gem Baron Humboldt, it will be remembered, discovered in Mexico, and, upon his return to Berlin, introduced into Europe.

The opal mines of Hungary are several centuries old. Tradition states that, in the year 1400, more than three hundred workmen were constantly employed in them. Now there is scarcely work for thirty men.

The opal is a stone of delicate constitution, very apt to crack in an atmosphere of sudden changes. Dr. Foutchwanger recommends soaking it in sweet oil to remove cracks and fissures. Even an immersion in water effects an improvement in its tone and color. It is sometimes covered, for protection, with a thin coating of quartz, through which its prismatic colors flash with startling brilliancy.

LET no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sunburnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

FRIENDSHIP is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings, than by attachment to excellence. One is called as kindness that cannot be explained, the other exacted as payment of a debt to merit.

WINTER, who strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyment only to exchange the prospect for eternity before us.

CONVERSATION is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

ENVY is unquestionably a high compliment, but a most ungracious one.

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THE BOUDOIR

FASHION, NOTES AND QUERIES

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Novelties are the order of the day; and the one who first searches out and brings to light rarities hitherto confined to the gaze of the favorite of the modiste or importer, is considered the benefactor of the fashionable world.

LADIES' HOSE.

Who for one instant would deem it necessary to place the stockings we wear in so conspicuous a place? And yet they have come to be governed by the arbitrary rules of Fashion fully as much as the neckties, gloves, or handkerchiefs. And the new style of hose are, from their beauty, entitled to more than a passing glance or word. Take, for instance, a large sample case in glass, in our largest emporium, standing in the most conspicuous place, filled with stockings—stockings of the finest silk and rarest colors.

Some in flesh color are alternate stripes, one stripe of lace, a second wrought in delicate vines, with every color known. And the stockings remind one of the old-fashioned sample of days gone by. This is one style.

Another is, the tops of flesh color, the foot and ankle of blue, dotted with raised diamonds in white. And still others in bars of scarlet and white, pink and white, blue and white, and, for mourning, black and white, and white with dots and crosses of black.

And we have, too, the same, in imitation, in lisle thread, good shape, and long; costing $1.75 and $2, while the silk cost from $5 to $25 per pair.

BOOTS AND SHOES

are gotten up for the purpose of showing to good advantage these fancy affairs; and these are in the high boot, and half shoes, known as the Oxford; instead of buttoning or being finished with elastics at the side, they fasten on the top of the foot, with straps and one button to each, and width of the strap between each, thus showing the stocking as it is at a passing glance.

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS,

as well as shoes and stockings, seem destined to occupy an important part in fashion's realm, and it is nothing to see fine linen cambric, with a scantily-frilled ruffle of purple, mauve, buff, or any color to match the dress; and these dainty affairs cost $5 each.

Another style, with a puff of blue or rose or other lined silk, edged on the outer edge, also falling over the cambric, with the finest Valenciennes; and these range from $1.50 upward.

NECKTIES

are also noted among the novelties; and while it would seem every style has long ere this been exhausted, we notice some light, fluffy affairs on two or three lengths of silk moss, usually white, finished with tassels at the end. Others are long, in soft twilled silk or crepe, lain in six or eight tiny plaits, all lain upward, and the whole tie edged with rich lace, and often rose medallions of lace fill the ends.

FLOWERS

take the place of the ends of ties to a great extent; and often this exquisite plaiting of silk and lace is fastened together and the point of the corsage with a bouquet of rare flowers.

FRENCH NOVELTIES,

in exact imitation of flowers, fruits, etc., are just now the rage. To describe them is almost an impossibility, for they seem but a breath of air; a single perfume of a rare exotic; a fleeting fancy; so delicate are they.

These painted beauties come in sets—perhaps two tiny pansies for the ears, a larger one for the throat, and a tiny cluster on a pin for the hair; or perhaps two miniature tea rosebuds, so delicate, so frail, with a larger bud surrounded by smaller, to be worn as a bouquet, to catch the lace scarf or tie together..

Others, to please more settled tastes, are in larger flowers, the head of a dog, or cat, or bird; it seems no person's taste has been omitted in the getting up of the French goods of to-day.

SHELL GOODS

are very popular as ornaments, and a pretty shell opera chain that we particularly admired was formed of round and oblong links, and a pretty charm caught it together at the throat, and two lockets, prettily carved, were suspended as charms at the root of the hair. There are also shell balls for the ears, that are perfectly transparent, and very light and suitable for summer.

LACE SHAWLS

are now in full vogue. We notice a favorite style for wearing is, the back belted in at the waist and confined to each shoulder to form a hood at the back; pretty and graceful for a tall person, with straight, narrow shoulders.

PIQUE SUITS,

for the little bodies, are now offered in two colors, buff and brown; the brown put on in broad plaits, with a medallion stamped in each and the edges covered with a fine black braid; and a broad piece of the brown extends the whole length of the front, with a beautifully stamped vine ready for braiding; and these suits are offered at the low price of $3 each.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. S. S. S. The figured suits mentioned above seem to us the most stylish of anything cheap. You can purchase for a little girl of four or five beautiful Gabrielles in white, braided and trimmed with needlework, from $6 up; and some in brown, braided, with a linen overskirt, with two pockets, all braided, for $6. The brown or gray would be splendid for traveling.

MOLLY BURNS. Nothing new since last issue for the hair. Fancy ornaments of blue or in steel are worn, and help to hold the coronet and waves in place.

TEMPEY C. Get gray debege and put with your purple silk; scant ruffles of debege, with the hems turned on the right side and piped with the purple. Sleeves of the silk, and a sleeveless polonaise of the debege.

JOSIE ——. A gray chip, trimmed with gray silk, pink daisies, and a gray plume, costing about $10, would make a lovely traveling hat with your gray silk, and do for a hack hat all the season. Get a white chip, trimmed with blue, for your best; the palest of blue flowers, and blue ostrich tips and white crepe ruching inside the hat.

ESTELLE. We have heard of those imitation stoves, so very like the genuine; will examine and give you our opinion soon.

ALICE ETHEL.

HAD there never been a cloud, there had never been a rainbow.

THE SILENT LOVER.

BY T. MOORE.

I would tell her I love her,
Did I but know the way;
Could my lips but discover
What a lover should say.
Though I swear to adore her
Every morning I rise,
Yet when once I'm before her,
All my eloquence flies.
Oh, ye gods! did you ever
Such a simpleton know?
I'm in love, and yet never
Have the heart to say so.

Having plucked up a spirit
One moon-shining night,
Then, thought I, I'll defer it
Till to-morrow's daylight.
But, alas! the pale moon-beam
Could not frighten me more,
For I found by the noon-beam
I was dumb as before.
Oh, ye gods! did you ever
Such a simpleton know!
I'm in love, and yet never
Have the heart to say so.

THE WISDOM OF A FOOL.

Adapted from the French.

BY ALBERT GERVAISE.

"Motley's the only wear!"—*Shakespeare.*

In a certain town, before the cook-shop of a restaurant, a hungry porter was eating his black bread in the steam of the roast meat, and found it, so seasoned, extremely savory. At last, when all the bread had been devoured, the cook seized him by the collar and wanted him to pay for the *smell* of the meat. The porter said that the cook had sustained no loss whatever; that he had taken nothing of his, and therefore he owed him nothing; as for the smell in question, it had been steaming out into the street, as free to any one as the air he breathed, and such a thing as selling or buying the *smell* of roast beef, had never been heard of. The cook replied that the porter's dry repast had been rendered more palatable by the smell of the meat, which was not meant to feed porters; and swore that if he did not pay he would take away his barrow. The porter seized a cudgel and prepared to defend himself and his possessions. The altercation became serious; the idlers gathered around to witness the result of the dispute, and with the crowd came Guignol, the celebrated fool. Seeing him, the cook said to the porter, "Come, let us refer our difference to the noble Guignol."—"Agreed," replied the porter. Then Guignol, the fool, having listened to the cause of their quarrel, commanded the porter to take a piece of money from his belt. The porter did so, and placed it in his hand. Guignol took it and placed it on his left shoulder, as if to try its weight; then made it ring, as if to hear if it was good; then scanned it closely with his right eye, as if to see if it was properly stamped. While this was being done, the cook, the porter, and the crowd of idlers, waited in profound silence. At last he again made it ring loudly several times, so that all could hear; then, first coughing two or three times, and assuming an air of magisterial dignity, he said, in a loud voice: "The court after proper hearing, and due deliberation, decides that the porter, who has eaten his bread in the fumes of the roast meat, has paid the cook, according to law, with the *sound* of his money. The case is dismissed, and each party pays a moiety of the costs." Then the crowd loudly applauded the fool's decision, which appeared so equitable and just that all agreed, if the matter had been submitted to a full bench of the most learned judges, it could not have been more wisely determined.

A WILD ADVENTURE.

BY C. D. CLARK.

Sam Tully and Caleb White were trapping in the Snake river region. They were men of desperate courage, who had taken their lives in their hands too often to care for the dangers of the life they led. Caleb—or Cale—White was a man who stood six feet two in his moccasins; a man whom you or I would hardly care to meet in the close tug of a desperate battle. His hard brown face was seamed with scars from bullet, knife, and the claws of wild beasts; and his muscular body showed the marks of many a desperate struggle.

Sam Tully was the beau ideal of a mountaineer. Although not so powerful as Cale, he was a man of great personal strength and desperate courage.

For many a year these two had roamed the trapping grounds together, fighting Indians, grizzlies, and wolves; chased by night over the burning prairie; defending their camp against the sudden attack of red fiends, or spending recklessly, at the stations, the money which they had earned so hardly on the trapping grounds.

They had been out all winter, and as spring approached the last cache was covered, and the trappers began to think of returning home. They were eager for the pleasures of El Paso and Santa Fe; the fandango, the moonlight dash over the prairie, and pleasant flirtations with the pretty Mexican girls, who above all women dote upon the *Americans* and *Tejano*; for they cannot yet be brought to believe in the fact that the Texans are members of the great Republic.

The camp was built up near the river, a tributary of the Snake, which flowed through dismal canons, in which the light of day never shone; under the shadow of giant cliffs, upon which human beings never yet set foot, and only spreading out at places where the cunning beaver had built his dam. The river was broken by great rapids and abounded in rare fish, upon which they had feasted royally for many days.

There was not a particle of ice in the channel now, for the rushing torrent had swept it down to the great river. They had a canoe, and had been discussing the chances of going down the stream in that, in order to save time.

"I'm ready to take the chances, if you are, Cale," said Tully.

"I don't like to give myself away," said Caleb White. "What do we know about the river, after we get down to the big canon, and who ever passed through it?"

"That's the *fun* of the thing, Cale; we do what no one else ever dared to do."

"I don't like it," replied White, who was by far the more prudent of the two. "I—ha! what is that?"

They seized their weapons, and ran to the door of the hut, just in time to see a dozen Indians running down through the grass, blocking up the only way of escape. The moment the repeating rifles began to play upon them they went out of sight among the rocks, and began their gradual approach, which could only end in one way—the white trappers would be overwhelmed.

"There is only one chance, Cale," cried Sam Tully.

"And that—— ?"

"The canoe!"

"I'm your man," cried the giant trapper. "You push the canoe into the water, and throw in the weapons, while I keep these fellows in play. Ah! would you? Take that!"

An Indian had raised his tufted head, to get a better shot at the trappers, but before he could get back the unfailing eyes of the trapper had looked through the double sights and the rifle cracked. The Indian sprang suddenly to his feet, spun sharp round upon his heel, and fell dead in his tracks.

The next moment the canoe shot out from the bank, and headed down through the boiling flood, plunging into the canon below so rapidly that the Indians had scarcely time to recover from their amazement at the sudden exodus before they were out of sight. One of the Indians bounded to his feet, and uttered a loud signal whoop, and two large canoes, containing in all about fifteen men, rounded a point in the river above and came flying down under the strokes of the paddles.

The Indian on the shore simply pointed down the stream, and the two canoes dashed by at furious speed, the wild yells of the paddlers announcing to the white men that they were pursued.

The first rapid passed, they entered a long stretch of water, where the current was only four or five miles an hour; and here the propelling force in the other canoes began to tell, and they gained rapidly.

On each side of the canoes the canon rose like a wall, two hundred feet in height, and they could only put all their strength in the paddles and dash on as fast as they could. Two miles farther, and the canoes were scarcely a hundred yards behind, the Indians yelling like demons, as they saw the foe almost in their grasp.

Cale White shook his head, as he looked over his shoulder, when his canoe was suddenly seized by a mighty force, and hurled downward, like a bullet from a rifle. They had struck another rapid, far more powerful than the first, and the rocks absolutely seemed to fly past them.

"This is something like it," cried daring Sam Tully. "How we move!"

"I should say that we did, old boy," replied Cale. "I am only afraid that we are moving a trifle too fast."

"Don't you believe it. Those fellows seem to be standing still."

"They will get it in a moment. Look at that."

The headmost canoe appeared upon the crest of the rapid, and came flying down after them at furious speed. The Indians no longer used their paddles, with the exception of the man who sat in the stern, and by a touch on the water, now on this side, then on the other, regulated the course of the canoe.

The second canoe followed in a moment, a little farther in shore.

As they gazed, the bow of the last canoe was suddenly lifted into the air, as it struck a brown rock in the channel, which the occupants had tried in vain to avoid. The fierce current caught the stern, and in an instant there was nothing left of the light craft save broken fragments, while the occupants, with loud shrieks of terror, were borne on by the resistless tide.

"That ends them," said Cale White. "Be careful, Sam; for your life."

On, on, borne by the power which they could not resist, the two canoes were hurried. There was a sense of wild exultation in the hearts of the white men, for they could see that their enemies would have gladly escaped, if they could, from the perils which surrounded them. Their mad desire for scalps and plunder had led them into a trap, and they no longer thought of the canoe before them. They knew, as the whites did not, the terrible dangers before them; for they had explored the banks of the stream on foot many times. The river suddenly narrowed, and they rushed into a canon barely twenty feet wide, nearly roofed over by the cliffs upon each side. The current was not quite so rapid here, and they guided the canoe more rapidly.

"This gets interesting, Cale," said Sam Tully, as they went on through the narrow pass. "We are going——"

"To our death!" replied Cale White, in a solemn voice. "Do you hear the falls?"

Through the splash of water and the dip of the paddles they heard a low, deep, tremulous roar, which was the sound of falling water. For a moment the bronzed face of Sam Tully blanched, and then he drew his figure up proudly.

"Better than the scalping knife or the stake, old friend. As the Frenchman says, *Vive la mort!*"

Long live death! It was before them, for, as they shot out of the narrow pass, they saw the fall before them, how high they could not tell; but the smoke which arose showed that it was not a small one.

"Keep her head to it," cried Cale. "If we don't get through it, good-bye forever."

The swift current caught them, and the canoe, hurled forward with terrible force, went flying toward the verge. A moment more and it shot out into the mist, and went down into the unknown depths. Each man clung to his paddle, as he went down, held by an invisible power, whirled to and fro, as in a maelstrom, and then shot up into the light, below the falls.

Far below them the canoe floated, and as the rapid current swept them down, the two men looked back, in time to see the other canoe come over the fall, sidewise, without an occupant. It was hurled far out, and fell lightly on the water, only to be arrested by the strong hand of Cale White.

The Indians, appalled by their danger, had upset the canoe in their frantic efforts to escape. What became of them the trappers never knew, for when they reached the foot of the rapid, far below the falls, and righted the canoe, they made no pause, but hurried on down the stream, and before night were safely floating in the waters of Snake river, a familiar spot to them.

Two days later they reached a fort in safety, and told the story of their strange escape.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

BY M. B. GRACE.

The subject is too interesting to be introduced by any sage remarks. And yet it is important. Sometimes, many times, a man's happiness has depended on his manner of "popping the question." Many a time the girl has said "No!" because the question was so worded that the affirmative did not come from the mouth naturally; and two lives that gravitated to each other with all their inward force, have been thrown suddenly apart, because the electric keys were not carefully touched.

Another writer corroborates this statement. "Oftentimes," says he, "a girl says 'no' to an offer, when it is as plain as the nose on her face she means 'yes.' The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not, is to look straight into her eyes, and never mind her noes."

There are some people that never "pop the question" but once. They are cautious; they love with their whole hearts before they ask that all-important question, and they never love again. Others go through life, "popping" to every girl they are fortunate enough to be introduced to, and to be treated civilly by; and are never answered "Yes." He that says bluntly: "Will you marry me?" has no music in his soul, or is a widower courting a house or a farm.

"Popping the question" in Peru, is very romantic. The suitor appears on the appointed evening, with a gaily-dressed troubadour, under the balcony of his beloved. The singer steps before the flower-bedecked window, and sings her beauties in the name of her lover. He compares her size to that of a palm tree, her lips to two blushing rosebuds, and her womanly form to that of the dove. With assumed harshness, the lady asks her lover, "Who are you, and what do you want?" He answers, with ardent confidence, "The dove I do adore! The stars live in the harmony of love, and why should we not, too, love each other?" Then the proud beauty gives herself away; she takes her flower-wreath from her hair, and throws it down to her lover, promising to be his forever.

Some people consider these matters very philosophically. A love-smitten professor in one of our colleges, after conversing awhile with his Dulcinea on the interesting topic of matrimony, concluded at last with a declaration, and put the emphatic question of "Will you have me?"—"I am sorry to disappoint you," replied the lady, "and hope my refusal will not give pain, but must answer 'no.'" "Well, well, that will do, madam," said her philosophical lover, "and now suppose we change the subject."

A gentleman known by the name of Dodd, who is a matter-of-fact business man, who always gets his goods at the lowest cash price, began to get rather advanced in years. He called on a lady friend, and inquired of her what she thought of the advisability of his getting married. "Oh, Mr. Dodd, that is an affair in which I am not greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it to yourself." "But," says Dodd, "you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?" The young lady blushed, hesitated, and finally, as Dodd was very well to do in the world, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter-of-fact Dodd coolly responded, "Well, well, I'll look about; and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

But often conversations in reference to these matters partake more of acerbity. A very diminutive specimen of a man lately solicited the hand of a fine buxom girl. "Oh, no," said the fair but insulting lady; "I can't think of it for a moment. The fact is, John, you are a little too big for a cradle, and a little too small to go to church with."

Here is another instance of "unrequited love," and poetically related, too:—

I pressed my beating heart,
I smoothed my ruffled hair,
I stepped into the room—
I found Lorinda there.

I seized her lily hand,
I squeezed it o'er and o'er,
I bent my well-turned legs,
I knelt upon the floor,

I told my tale of woe,
I whispered all my fears;
Then, what d'ye think she did?
Why, coolly boxed my ears!

The ladies are sometimes proficient in urging men to ask the questions which by etiquette they are not allowed to ask themselves. A lover, vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair inamorata, said, "The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clear." "Suppose you pop it," whispered the blushing damsel.

"Miss Brown," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette, "I have been to learn to tell fortunes. Just let me have your hand, if you please." "La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go and ask papa."

That reminds us of a story of Professor Wilson. A young man who had gained the affections of his daughter, waited upon "papa" and stated his case, of which the Professor had a previous inkling. The young gentleman was directed to desire the lady to come to her father, and, doubtless, her obedience was prompt. Professor Wilson had before him, in review, some work, on the fly-leaf of which was duly inscribed, "With the author's compliments." He tore this out, pinned it to his daughter's dress, solemnly led her to her young lover, and went back to his work.

MY MOTTOES.

BY CLARA STANLEY.

I.

"Nature's wells are below the frost."

There is a sad yet sweet earnestness in Winter's days. All nature sets us the example, and we live an inward life that fills us with grace and courage for the rest of the year. How warm and cheery our hearts grow, like cottages under drifts, and how we watch the flicker and flame of our pleasant fire, as we would watch the face of a friend. Snow and ice are only vivid dreams that fade in Spring's sunshine; for below the frost are living waters where the trees are nourished, and the tiniest seeds are fed.

II.

"The blue-bird carries the sky on his back."

Why cannot we do as the birds do—carry our own little patch of sky and our little lot of stars about with us? Is it because we never lift ourselves above the dust and sordidness of the world, into the sweet, eternal light, where the distance looks blue and the stars are of gold. If we could only once in our lives, stand on the summit of some lonely hill, and look out over the clouds, we would feel our souls grow purer. Life does not crowd us there, but there is room for happy thought, "sexton to all the world," limner of fairest faces; and we, too, might descend and bear about the sky upon our backs and heaven's light in our foreheads.

III.

"Sitting still at home is the heavenly way.
The going out is the way of the world."

So Abu Musa teaches, and our hearts are scholars. Out in the world, on its dusty highway, in the midst of its noise and jostle, is where we are assailed by manifold temptations, which, disguised as they are by the mists of imagination, and the subtle fires of passion, trip us down at every step. We gain experience, but how dear a teacher she proves! Abu Musa is a better one. If we heed his friendly warning, we may learn the heavenly way where the angels stand. Faith, hope and charity fold their bright wings above us, and the air grows warm and radiant about our paths. Not that I call a house, home; no, wherever our work and duty is, there is our home; and the "sitting still" means, in my thought, the being folded safely away in the holy keeping of Providence.

DEBTS.—The common boast of a rich man, that "he can pay his way, and is obliged to nobody," is a very silly boast, for the man is a debtor for all he possesses, and of course the larger his possessions are, the more he is in debt. The debt is, however, due only to society generally, and therefore no individual member of society is entitled to ask payment of it. It must be paid in conduct, and in doing those particular duties which belong to his station.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive, and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS

NELLY, (Germantown.) A small piece of white wax put into the starch you use will give the fronts of shirts a glossy appearance.

FIDELIA. In the language of flowers, the red camelia means "pomp and splendor," and the white camelia means "chaste loveliness."

CAPE MAY. Sea-bathing does not agree with every one. If you have any doubt in your own case, you had better consult some medical man before you try it again.

A. B. C. We are careful not to introduce politics of any description into our columns. Your questions should be addressed to some one of our numerous political papers—not to a purely literary paper like this.

X. Y. Z. Such a very complicated and important case as yours cannot and should not be decided on an incomplete *ex-parte* statement. You should lay the whole matter before some competent lawyer, and let him work it out.

J. J. P. We have waded through your long letter, but were unable to discern the point on which you wanted information. If you are still desirous that we should answer it, please put the question concisely and without any circumlocution.

KITTY CLOVER. If you always feel cross when you are in the company of your "lover," it is a sure sign that you don't like him, and the sooner you break off the engagement the better. He may love you, but it is quite clear to us that you do not love him.

JAS. GAZES, (Philadelphia.) The only possible way in which you can be made happy in becoming the possessor of a beard and whiskers is by frequent shaving; and if, added to this, you have a good stock of patience, you may yet have your fond hopes realized.

J. A. L. What is the use of your asking us "what you should do," when the young lady has herself suggested how you should act, by telling you that "she is not bound to you, and shall do just as she likes?" What else can you do than consider the engagement broken off, and act accordingly?

MRS. E. C. L., (Boudoin Centre, Maine.) We can supply you with the back numbers containing the Serial "Red Kelly; or, The Free Riders of the Plain," by Captain Carnes, ten numbers in all, upon your sending us sixty-five cents. This includes postage. The other Serial, "Wartzal, the Scout," by the same author, we are sorry to say, is out of print.

A. J. B., (Hoboken, N. J.) Depilatories should be used, if used at all, with the utmost care. Hair growing low on the forehead, such as you complain of, may be removed by their means; but we really should not advise you thus to interfere with act of Nature. The hair would only grow again, and that very soon; and, besides, there is always danger of producing inflammation.

SCHUYLER, (Peoria, Ills.) Did you ever hear the Latin saying, *Poeta nascitur, non fit?* That means, "The Poet is born, not made." If you have any poetical genius in you, it will develop itself of its own accord; but if you have none, all the study in the world will not imbue you with it. In short, a man cannot make himself a poet when he is not naturally one.

S. R. F. We cannot possibly tell you whether any particular place in the west would be a suitable place for you to go to, without knowing something about you; but this we can say, that there is no place in the west that is not a good place for a young man who is *willing to work*. So if you are one of this sort, and have fully made up your mind to go, you need have no fears on that point.

C. H. So far as we can judge from the portraiture you have given of yourself, we do not agree with you at all in the very depreciatory remarks you make, but think it is highly attractive and prepossessing. The "turn up nose," which you rail against so bitterly, is, in our opinion, by no means ugly; on the contrary, we agree with the French, who admire the "nez retroussé," as adding a charm of piquancy to the female face.

M. J. M. Your questions would puzzle a sorcerer to answer, and being only what we are, and with no pretensions whatever, we assure you, to any supernatural knowledge, we candidly confess our inability to assist you. A little calm reflection on your part, that is, if one is love, as you say you are, can be calm, will, we think, show you that it is utterly impossible for us to tell you "why the young man has not proposed," and "if he ever will propose."

CIGAR. Smoking undoubtedly does harm to anybody, no matter how vigorous his constitution may be, and even very moderate indulgence in the habit may prove pernicious to persons of a weak constitution. One or two cigars a day may be very injurious to one person, while another may be able to smoke a dozen a day with impunity. Young lads ought on no account to smoke, and only persons of vigorous constitution, and even by them to great moderation.

J. R. S. If your intended is at all inclined to be fickle, and can be "won away" from you by any other young lady, we would advise you to let him go by all means, and to do nothing to prevent it. You should, on the contrary, be glad that you have been able to test the sincerity of his professions of love for you; and it is better you should find him out now than after you were married, when it would have been too late to remedy matters.

MARY E. D. We really are at a loss what advice we can give you, unless it be that you should endeavor to discard, as soon as possible, from your mind the image of the young man who has so lightly broken off a long-standing engagement, and treated you with such heartlessness and insult. It is an enigma to us how after such treatment as you have received at his hands, there can be a spark of affection for him still lingering in your heart.

TROUBLED HOUSEKEEPER, (Philadelphia.) To take oil out of a carpet, you should, as soon after it is spilled as possible, put on plenty of wheat flour or whiting, so as to absorb the oil and keep it from spreading. Next day sweep up all the flour with a stiff brush, and put on more fresh flour. To take out grease spots from a carpet, rub them with a piece of white flannel, dipped in raw spirits of turpentine; and if the spots show again, after a while, rub again as before, on both sides.

A. K. P. You are right in considering it an act of egregious folly for the young girl of whom you speak being stage-struck, and determined upon turning actress, in the hope of "winning fame and wealth." Just ask her how many of all the girls who have ever gone upon the stage have won "fame and wealth," or either of these much desired objects, or even a decent living. She would be wise if she would think well of this matter before she takes such a very momentous step.

U. L. G., (Wilmington, Del.) The best way to learn the principles and details of the duties of a locomotive engineer, is to work in a railroad machine shop, and there carefully study all the various parts of the engine. When you are thoroughly acquainted with these, you might make trips on the locomotive with some good engineer, and in this way you would very soon be qualified to run it yourself. It is not at all indispensable that you should first act as fireman before you get the position of engineer.

G. F. W. If your canary is troubled with asthma, which we gather from your letter is what is the matter with it, treat it as follows: give him a small piece of mutton tallow and let him peck at it but a little at one time. Another remedy is a drop of sweet oil on a lump of sugar. Still another is a piece of stale bread dipped in diluted sherry wine, half water, with some sugar added. You should not give it perfectly cold water for its bath, but slightly tepid; nor should the cage be exposed to a draught.

S. J. R. If you have never had an introduction yet to the young lady whom you have met several times in your father's store, and with whose father you say you are well acquainted, it would not be right for you to write her, asking her to accept your company or a little ride," as you think of doing. You had better first obtain an introduction, to which there would be no difficulty, we presume, and, after having made her acquaintance, you can ask her without any impropriety.

H. M. G., (Marietta.) You must not despair. If you have frequently resolved to leave off the evil and disgraceful habit of drinking to excess, and have always broken that resolve when tempted, you must remember that "it is never too late to mend," and try again and again, with a firm determination to succeed, and not to be led into temptation. Because the person whom you mention has told you that men are incapable of such self-control as to break off this habit, do not be discouraged: but prove for yourself that you, for one, have the power to resist evil and do good.

E. W. You should not be so severe against the young lady for being so sensitive in regard to her parents' commands. A good girl is always obedient to her parents, and the more conscientious she is in regard to her filial duties, the more likely she will be equally conscientious as to her wifely duties. The best daughters are always certain to make the best wives; and, therefore, instead of finding fault and being angry, you should congratulate yourself on having been so fortunate as to make such a happy choice.

M. D. "Can you tell me what are the effects of the different kinds of poisons on the system?" It would take up too much of our valuable space here to answer your question in any detail. Any medical work will give you the information sought for. We may just here say, however, that there are four kinds of poisons—mineral, animal, vegetable, and aerial. The mineral poisons corrode the flesh, and produce inflammation. The vegetable generally stupefy, and leave no marks of inflammation. The animal generally affect the whole body; and the aerial the respiratory organs.

GUS D. In our opinion, it would be a highly imprudent thing for a boy of sixteen and a girl of fifteen (for they are only boys and girls at that age) to think of entering into an engagement of marriage. Even though the boy's parents are rich, and his prospects for the future as bright and promising as yours are, according to your own account. It would be much better for both to continue on a footing of friendship merely for two or three years longer, and at the end of that time, if you still continue to have the same regard for each other as at present, it would then be time enough to take the subject of an engagement into serious consideration.

W. W. T. You could no more hope to be able to become versed in all the varieties and minutiæ of etiquette, and to acquire an easy and graceful manner, by the study of books on that subject, than you would expect to become an expert horseman or a first-rate shot by reading books on horsemanship and rifle-practice. In order to be easy and polished in society, it is necessary to go into society, and learn from actual observation and practice how to act. You must not mind if at first you are a little bashful and awkward; that will wear off; and if you only keep your eyes and ears open, and take practical lessons in manners and etiquette, you will find that the study of books will be perfectly needless.

J. S. E., (Bethlehem, Pa.) The period usually termed a "Congress," in legislative language, continues for two years; as, for example, from March 4, 1873, until March 4, 1875, at which latter time the term of the representatives to the present, viz., the Forty-third Congress, expires, and the term of the new House of Representatives commences. Congress always commences and expires in years terminating with odd numbers. The First Congress was from 1789 to 1791, two sessions of which were held in New York and the third in Philadelphia. The Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Congresses were held in Philadelphia. Of the Sixth Congress, the first session was at Philadelphia, the second at Washington.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER. With every desire on our part to aid you, you have asked us one of the hardest questions possible, when you wish us to advise you on the subject of what would be the best trades or professions to which your boys should be put. To answer you so that our advice could be of any practical value to you, we would have to be personally and intimately acquainted with their several traits and capacities. The best thing you can do is to give them all a thorough education, and then put them severally to whatever trade they show the most aptitude for, and which they themselves have a desire to follow. We would not recommend your putting any one of them to a trade to which he may have a disinclination, as it would be simply wasting his time, for he will be almost sure, ere very long, to give it up and take to some other, for which he has a taste and a liking.

H. W. J. (New Haven, Conn.) asks us whether we think "proposing to a lady by letter or by a personal interview is the best plan." We say a personal interview is, in most cases, the best, for the following reasons the gentleman is enabled to say so much more, and to adapt what he says far more effectually than by writing. He has also another advantage, which he loses if he makes the proposal by letter—he sees how it is received; whether the expression, the gesture, the tone with which the answer is conveyed, intimate the desire or distaste for himself as an accepted lover. Words are not the only means by which we make known our sentiments; and if one has his eyes and ears about him, he will be able to detect much more from the manner than the matter of a reply.

BELL. "If a gentleman has a lady's ring, and she wants it back," all she has to do is to ask for it, and if he is a gentleman he will doubtless return it. 2d. If a gentleman has lost a ring that belongs to a lady, there would be no impropriety whatever in his offering to replace it by a new ring. The lady must use her own discretion about accepting it, and if, as we infer from your letter, you are the young lady in question, and the young gentleman the same as the one referred to in your last question, we should say that you had better decline the ring, as, under the circumstances, accepting any favor from him might be liable to misconstruction. You say that at one time he paid his addresses to you, but you refused him, and he has since transferred his attentions to another young lady. You now find out that you do like him, and wish to win him back, if it is possible. We fear it is too late, and are sorry we cannot give you any hope or assistance in the matter.

FARAWAY. Do not you think that you are imposing a *little* too much on our willingness to answer questions put to us, and to give any advice in our power to our readers? You send us a sheet of foolscap containing no less than thirty-one questions, which you wish answered, some of which would require, each, all the space we could afford to give to one correspondent, to reply to fully and satisfactorily. If you will go over the list again, and bring the number down to anything like a reasonable figure, we will endeavor to enlighten you as far as we are able. But please do not ask us any such puzzling questions as "Why does the moon look larger to an old person than to a young one?" "Why should a stamp be put on the right-hand corner of an envelope?" "What do you think of my composition?" and such like. In this excessively hot season of the year, it is utterly out of the question for us to attempt to grapple with such very complicated and deep questions.

CORRESPONDENT, (Oregon.) "Who were the Mamelukes, and where did they live? Please tell me all about them." The Mamelukes were a military body, composed of the descendants of Circassian slaves, who were the slaves of the Beys of Egypt. In 1254 they made one of their body Sultan of Egypt, which country they governed for two hundred and sixty years. The dynasty was overthrown in 1517 by the Ottoman Sultan, Selim I., who appointed a Turkish Pasha over Egypt, though the Mamelukes still remained Beys or governors of the provinces. Towards the middle of the last century their power increased to such an extent that the Pasha appointed by the Porte was a mere tool in their hands. The ambitious Pasha, Mehemet Ali, was not a man to endure such a position. After several military achievements, he not only forced the Beys to submit, but, having assembled the Mamelukes in March, 1811, treacherously slaughtered them to the number of four hundred and seventy; the rest, some thirty or forty, were beheaded.

CARRIE, (Columbus, Ohio.) We would not advise you to use "water with sugar of lead dissolved in it," as a cooling wash for the head, as being likely to be very injurious both in its action on the hair as also on the general bodily health. A much more preferable hair wash is made by taking one ounce of borax and half an ounce of camphor, and after powdering them fine, dissolving them in one quart of boiling water. When cool, it is ready for use, and the hair should be dampened frequently with it. 2d. This question we cannot answer, as it is of too personal a nature. There are several ladies in that profession, but of course we will not mention them by name. 3d. We know nothing about the institution you mention. 4th. You must abide by the rules and regulations of the Railroad lines on which you travel. 5th. No; we know of no "sure cure for catarrh." We wish we did. 6th. If a subscriber desires to change his address, he must notify us, either direct or through the club agent. 7th. One of the stories will run out very soon, as you will see, if you will have a little patience.

F. B. S., (Merchantville, N. J.) So you want us to give you our opinion about first love, and to say whether we think it is as lasting and as strong as "second or even third love," as you express it. We know that you, and perhaps some others, young ladies as well as young gentlemen, will not agree with us; but time will show you all that we are right. A young lady's opinion of first love is that it is the very quintessence of all that is ecstatic, and that it is, as compared with any other love that may come after it, as skimmed milk is to the richest cream. Ask some enamored young gentleman, and he will vow that it is the very Cliquot champagne of human existence, to which all subsequent emotions, dignified with the name of love, are mere cider. But the more advanced in years of both sexes, nine cases out of ten, will, if you ask them, tell you a very different story. Boy-and-girl-love is but a faint shadow of that intense passion which often enthralls the middle-aged. The capacity for loving is not fully developed at so early an age, and, as a general rule, love does not take firm root in the heart before the age of twenty-five or so. Of course there are exceptional cases, and if there are any who differ from us in our views of first love, as we have given them, may, if they please, consider themselves as forming those exceptional cases.

MISCELLANEOUS.—IGNORAMUS, (Shiloh, Tenn.) No. We do not think that the movement you allude to will result in much, if any, permanent good.—A. M. We do not undertake to recommend any particular business houses.—J. J. D. We make no charge whatever for answering correspondents.—Q. M. N. The appearance you speak of would be produced by various causes. If it is very annoying to you, you had better consult your medical man.—J. W. No one can "tell your fortune," or "read your destiny." Don't believe any such nonsense.—MARIAN O. We cannot fix any age at which a lady ought to be considered "an old maid."—M. R. B. We cannot possibly advise you to act in any way that would be displeasing to your parents, or in opposition to their wishes.—H. W., (Bellefonte, Pa.) There would be the greatest impropriety in the proposaling you mention.—COUSIN HARRY. There is no legal barrier whatever to the marriage of cousins of any degree.—A. S. At the age of seventeen you may certainly hope to grow a little more.—A NEW SUBSCRIBER. Judging from your letter, we could not conscientiously advise you to entertain the hope of getting your MS. accepted for any paper.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*